

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

ANTHONY CRUNDLE.

*Here lies the body of
Anthony Crundle,
Farmer, of this Parish,
Who died in 1849 at the age of 82.
"He delighted in music."*

*R.I.P.
And of
Susan,
For fifty-three years his wife,
Who died in 1860, aged 86.*

Anthony Crundle of Dorrington Wood
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle
and scythe,
With cattle afield and laboring ewe,
Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and
Sue;
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of
day. . . .

May providence do no worse by me;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

John Drinkwater.

The New Witness.

PAN.

Up and up the silent hill,
And on and on athwart the glory.
Dreams at her heart, the earth lies still;
And time wears thin as an oft-told
story.
A far-off rill makes faint replies
To the wind's last whisper ere it dies.

Sweet is labor and wise is rest
Where the air is cool and the world
is wide.
Gone is the rose from the mountain-
crest;
And deep in the valley an owl hath
cried.

The moon sits pale o'er the dusky
scaurs;
And the mute heart waits for the quiet
stars.

The stuff of dreams is the life of man;
The stuff of clouds is the melting
clod.

The lord of the earth is the shy god Pan,
And the spirit knows him a mighty
god:

He steals from the deeps in the evening
dim,

And man stands 'mazed in the face of
him. . . .

Down and down the haunted hill,
And on through the moon-web's
witching glory.

The ghostly woods lay weird and still;
In a starry hush hung the pine-tops
hoary.

Through the eerie gloom the awe-thrill
ran,

And the heart in the hush cried,
"Pan! Pan!"

James A. Mackereth.

COME, LET US FIND.

Come, let us find a cottage, love,
That's green for half-a-mile around;
To laugh at every grumbling bee,
Whose sweetest blossom's not yet
found.

Where every bird shall sing for you,
And in our garden build its nest:
They'll sing for you as though their eggs
Were lying in your breast,

My love—

Were lying warm in your soft breast.

'Tis strange how men find time to hate,
When life is all too short for love:
But we, away from our own kind,
A different life from that can prove.
And early every summer's morn,
As I go walking out with you,
We'll help the sun with our warm
breath

To clear away the dew,

My love—

To clear away the morning dew.

W. H. Davies.

The Nation.

THE WAR AND AMERICA.

The giant liner which has brought you across the Atlantic moves slowly up the reaches of New York Harbor. You watch eagerly for the central city itself, and at length, through the mist, a group of buildings emerges, crowning, so it seems, a narrow and precipitous hill, and recalling the fantastic shape of St. Michael's Mount. Such is the illusion created from afar by the skyscrapers of New York. As you pass the Statue of Liberty, and approach the city, you begin to distinguish the separate structures and to see that there is no natural hill. Towering above its lofty neighbors soars the beautiful Gothic tower of the Woolworth building, with its 58th story 750 feet from the ground. Why is it that here alone on the surface of the earth human constructions assume this form? It is because this narrow island of Manhattan is the busiest spot in a city which has eclipsed London in population. Here from the highest buildings in the world you look down upon its capital. What has for years been obviously the coming center of the world, has become its center already. The traveler from warring Europe, landing at this favored spot, finds himself in a new world, where public anxiety is absent, and where the streets at night are ablaze with light. Resentment at America's immunity from strife becomes even keener as he finds that business is booming. We have been irritated by lengthy American notes upon the inhuman actions of Germany. They have seemed hypocritical, leading to nothing. The immunity from war of a Great Power with aims similar to ours, provokes our criticism, all the more because hopes of her entry into the war have been raised and disappointed. It has become usual to jeer at America as a

vulture battenning on the woes of others, or, at best, as the Levite passing by on the other side. A moment may profitably be given to looking at things from the American point of view, so that we may either justify or abandon this position. A clear understanding of the American attitude is exceptionally desirable when great issues hang upon diplomatic foresight and upon the goodwill of neutrals.

The impartiality of American feeling when the war began, quickly yielded to hostility towards Germany when the reports of atrocities in Belgium were established. The outrages perpetrated by German agents in America, and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, intensified that hostility. Perhaps nothing has fanned the flame more than the reports of German complicity in the atrocious massacres of the Armenians, owing to the close personal touch with American institutions in Armenia, and to the influence of the Armenian immigrants in America.

There are many Americans who hold that their country ought to have joined the Allies, but these opinions mainly became vocal as the election approached. At the time when it is said that America should have gone to war, most of those who now support the proposal were silent. Even the influential men who now attack President Wilson because he did not protest against the Belgian atrocities, actually expressed approval of the policy of strict neutrality at that time. It is said that Mr. Wilson was timid, but to call him pusillanimous is to forget the notorious courage with which he overruled the proposal to break international agreements as to the Panama Canal dues.

It is held by the majority that America's entry into the war was not

a business proposition. Many of those most friendly to the Allies would have opposed it, on the ground that better service could be rendered by supplying us with arms. Again the fact that 10,000,000 Germans had to be reckoned with made it clearly impossible for the Government, if it went to war, to do so with any approach to national unity. Four millions of these Germans are actually German born. The organization of adequate internment camps and a sufficient force to hold in check the population of the huge German cities was clearly an overwhelming task. The idea itself affords a picture sufficiently grotesque. America might possibly be forced into war, but the attack upon the American Government for adopting the neutral policy has an element of party spirit.

None the less, vast numbers of Americans feel the debt of loyalty to the Allied Powers, and experience the necessity of work and sacrifice for our cause. They are even more alive than we to Germany's crimes, because they are in closer personal touch, through relief work, with the Belgians and the Armenians. Hence the incredible generosity of the American public. At a single bazaar for Red Cross funds on behalf of the Entente no less than £200,000 was lately given. Again, all too little is known of the magnificent work done by Americans through the Y.M.C.A. and other organizations, for our troops abroad, not only in Europe, but in India. In the work of relieving the wounded and the refugees we are familiar with the princely conduct of Americans toward Belgium. We ought to render due gratitude for the equally amazing generosity towards Red Cross and relief work in the cases of Serbia and Armenia. A great campaign for the funds is in progress, and having taken part in a number of its meetings I can testify to the extraordinary extent

of public interest and public benevolence. I know of a professional man who is giving half his salary to a relief fund, and of a millionaire who is giving £1,000 sterling per month while the war lasts. All these services are apart from the service which is already so universally recognized as priceless, namely, the care of prisoners. There can be few of us who contemplate without a shudder the terrible situation that would have existed for our imprisoned countrymen if America had been drawn into the war.

But further, large numbers of Americans citizens have given their lives to the cause in the field. It is estimated that no less than 30,000 have found their way into the British, Canadian, or French ranks. Accounts of their doings, together with their portraits, are a feature in American newspapers. Americans on leave from the front in Flanders constitute a distinct section of the passengers on Transatlantic ships. Friendship for the Allies survives the extreme inconveniences of the blockade, the stoppage of mails, the black list of firms, and the inability to approve our policy in regard to Irish autonomy and the Irish rebels. The solidity of American friendship is all the more remarkable when we consider that less than half the population is British by origin, and that by using in England the phrase "two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family" we have been apt to alienate great portions of the American people, such as the influential Dutch community.

While any American Government must endeavor to be neutral, the Wilson Cabinet so distinctly adopted the side of the Allies that it was bitterly attacked by the pro-Germans, and also by the party which favored strict neutrality. President Wilson ought to have credit upon this side of the water for this partiality. He refused to place

an embargo on the export of arms, under which the Allies would have been starved of ammunition.

However much we may regard the American motive as a money-making one, it is arguable that America at one time saved us from extreme danger. It is, of course, true that fortunes have been made in supplying our needs (as they have been made in Japan and other belligerent countries), but we can easily be too satirical on this point. It is recognized that trade in general has been seriously dislocated, and that the benefit of a booming trade at certain points on the Eastern coast may be a very doubtful benefit to America as a whole. Americans, though they worship business success, have also a higher standard of humane and decent feeling than many other nations, and it would surprise the cynic who visited the arms-making centers to find how general is the desire to see an end of the war. At Bridgeport, for instance, where the Remington Company has erected immense factories and engaged an extra 40,000 hands for the war trade, public feeling is nevertheless overwhelmingly in favor of peace.

It is felt that the friendliness of America ought to have been more fully realized in England, for the partiality of the Government for the Entente is not denied in any quarter.

The disaster which American hostility involves for Germany may be realized when we consider the gigantic power America will wield in the near future. At the present rate of growth of American wealth and population it will not be long, as periods of time are measured in history, before the wealth of the United States is overwhelming. The great cities which Europeans commonly see are sufficient to impress the traveler. But to make the impression adequate, it is necessary to visit the provincial towns and realize

that these are but samples of cities existing by hundreds, unknown to Europe, but each possessed of wealth which in Europe would make it important.

Take provincial places such as Worcester. Here is a city of 160,000 souls, though no reason exists in natural advantages for the formation of a business center. The prosperity of the place is due purely to human factors. It has resulted from the excellence of engineering schools. Deputations representing technical education from many European countries (it is stated that England is the only exception) have visited Worcester to study these schools, and their system has been copied in Germany. An atmosphere of mechanical skill creates a supply of good workmen, and this has brought factories of various kinds. Though far from the ammunition factories on the coast, Worcester is busy with the subsidiary business of manufacturing steel wire. Laborers in this district, who are largely Continental immigrants, are earning sometimes £9 per week.

Though it may be argued that America without military forces is powerless, her moral power is recognized by the world already. Evidence of this is seen in the anxiety of the belligerents on both sides to stand well with the United States.

A well-known American writes with literal truth:—

The great nations of Europe have come to us asking our favorable public opinion. They can have been induced by nothing save their conviction that we are the possessors of sound political ideals, and a great moral force in the world. In other words, they do not want us to fight for them, but they do want us to approve of them. They want us to pass judgment upon the humanity and the legality of their acts, because they feel that our judgment will be the judgment of history.

Nor will it be long before American power is translated into armed force. The movement for preparedness is universal, and it has already taken shape. An Army Bill of fifty-four millions sterling and a Navy Bill of sixty-three millions are the first consequence of German aggression and of the agitation begun by Mr. Roosevelt. Following on a conference between the House of Representatives and the Senate, it was agreed that the number of the standing army should be 175,000, capable of expansion to 254,000. The federalized national guard or militia is to total 425,000. In June last, during the Mexican crisis, the President summoned the whole Militia. The spectacle [which I then witnessed] of regiments marching through the streets, and of recruiting tents in the parks, gave to Americans the first picture of the realities of the present war. If, as some say, the summons was a stroke of policy, designed to show the need of preparation, the fact that hardly more than 100,000 troops responded to the call, justified the President's action. The naval program provides for no less than 157 new war vessels, to include, with other vessels, ten battleships, six battle cruisers, fifty destroyers, and over sixty submarines.

The President, a late convert to preparation, said in January: "The hard, ugly fact is that the world will heed us only if it certainly know that our obligations to ourselves and to our ideals can, and will, be met to the utmost." In the naval debate of July 14, Senator Lodge, than whom no one is more influential on the Republican side, said that America must have a fleet for the Pacific as well as for the Atlantic.

The position of Germany, now that she has alienated American feeling, is unenviable in the last degree. Our own good fortune in securing American friendship comes home to everyone

who witnesses the incredible developments across the Atlantic. Provided that we do not let that friendship fade, by negligence or indifference, we shall at all events possess the most powerful friend in the world. America's potential force is so great that when the Allies find themselves in agreement with her on the principles of settlement, it will be virtually impossible for Germany to defy those principles.

Possessing as we do America's goodwill, it is of importance to consider what services we desire her to render. We have seen that to enter the war was not practical politics. Let us, then, put ourselves in the position of the President, desiring to render whatever service is otherwise feasible, in the capacity of a friendly neutral. In the first place, the appearance, at least, of neutrality would need to be maintained. In dealing with infringements of international law, and with neutral rights, charges against Germany would be pressed to the full, but infringements by the Allies would not be wholly ignored. The President adopted in effect the policy of impartiality in words, friendship to the Allies in deeds. Hence the notes of protest, some of which have given natural umbrage here, and have created an impression of coldness to England, but which were in reality, from the American point of view, a ceremonial necessity. Secondly, neutrality would be strained as far as possible towards assisting the Allies, especially as to the essential questions of financial aid, the supply of arms, immunity from submarine attack, and the rights of blockade.

Financial aid might easily have been hampered; it was, in fact, facilitated.

The agitation for an embargo on the export of munitions was very strong indeed. Resolutions were brought forward in Congress; petitions were presented; and it would have been simple

for the President to impose a vote on exportation. It required a strong man to resist this. The veto would have been disastrous for the Allies, especially for Russia. The supply of arms, which came at a vital time, might easily have been cut off if American feeling had been unfriendly.

In regard to the blockade, America, if she had wished it, would have had good material for making trouble.

As to the submarine question, strict neutrality would surely have accepted the German proposal that certain ships should be exempt from submarine attack, while freedom of action by Germany should otherwise be sanctioned.

Apart from State action, a friendly Government would encourage in all possible ways the promotion of Red Cross and relief work for the Allies. This it has done, while in the matter of prisoners we have noted its energy. A strictly impartial President would have responded to the universal desire in America to see the war at an end. America has the power, both material and moral, to hasten negotiations. It is the desire to follow the known wishes of the allied Governments that has prevented such action.

But a friendly Government would look beyond the war itself to the ultimate aims which it sees to be those of our statesmen, and would endeavor to respond to them. What did they appear to be? It was believed that the British Government desired a settlement embodying the defeat of aggression, security for national rights, and permanent international agreements to prevent war. In regard to the first two of these the clearest statement had come from Mr. Asquith. He had said:—

The idea of public right—what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the

definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States and in the future molding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and free development of the smaller nationalities . . . they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors—more powerful in strength and in wealth—exactly as good a title to “a place in the sun.”

In response, the President said, on May 27, 1916:—

We believe these fundamental things (1) that every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live like other nations. (2) That the small States of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that the great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

The correspondence is obvious.

What kind of terms would these general principles imply? It was not the President's desire to interfere with terms of peace. He specially urged “such a settlement with regard to their own immediate interest as the belligerents may agree upon. We have nothing material of any kind to ask ourselves, and are quite aware that we are in no sense or degree parties to the present quarrel.” It is sufficient to observe, in passing, that in current American opinion the settlement resulting from such principles would be somewhat as follows:—

The total evacuation by the Central Powers of all the conquered territories—in Belgium, France, Poland, the Baltic provinces, Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania. Full compensation to be paid to Belgium by Germany, and her independence and sovereignty to be restored in every respect, without a single qualification. Secondly, the recognition of national claims in regard to Alsace-Lorraine, where the pro-

French district include, at all events, large areas; to Serbia where the national claim undoubtedly comprises large extensions to the Northwest and several Adriatic ports; to Poland, which Americans would wish to see created an independent State, with or without a port on the Baltic; to Italy, who must, in any case, annex the Trentino; to Montenegro, whose natural outlet is, of course, the port of Cattaro; and to the nations subject to Turkey, where, among other cessions, the Armenian provinces must be liberated. American feeling unhesitatingly supports our desire to crush German militarism, not only by the defeat of aggression, but by insistence on the cession of territories by the Teutonic States, to meet national rights.

But the President scrupulously deferred to the Allies' desire to avoid negotiation. Although American mediation would apparently imply that only terms acceptable to the Allies would be considered, because America supports the principles advanced by our Ministers, he absolutely disavowed any desire to urge mediation, and devoted his speech to the topic with which he was rightly concerned, the securing of stability after the war. In this connection he might well have dwelt on the economic questions which are essential to the subject of permanent peace—questions of colonial adjustments, of commercial spheres in backward countries, and of "the open door." But Mr. Wilson adhered to the main theme pursued by our ministers.

On May 15, 1916, Lord Grey had said:—

We want a Europe not only free from the domination of one nationality by another, but from hectoring diplomacy and the peril of war . . . we want a settled peace in Europe and throughout the world, which will be a guarantee against aggressive war. We do not believe in war as the preferable method

of settling disputes between nations. When nations cannot see eye to eye, when they quarrel, when there is a threat of war, we believe the controversy can be settled by methods other than those of war. Long before this war I hoped for a league of nations that would be united quick and instant to prevent, and, if need be, to punish, violation of international treaties, of public right, of national independence, and would say to nations that come forward with grievances and claims, "Put them before an impartial tribunal. If you can win at this bar, you will get what you want; if you cannot, you shall not have what you want, and if you attempt to start a war we all shall adjudge you the common enemy of humanity, and treat you accordingly." As footpads, safe-breakers, burglars, and incendiaries are suppressed in nations, so those who commit these crimes, and incalculably more than these crimes, will be suppressed among nations.

The French Premier had already spoken of "guarantees of a durable and solid peace," and added, "By this peace . . . all *arrière-pensée* or tyrannical domination will give way to the idea of the progress of civilization."

On May 18 Mr. Balfour said:—

That if in our time any substantial effort is to be made toward ensuring the permanent triumph of the Anglo-Saxon ideal, the great communities which accepted must work together. But in working together they must bear in mind that law is not enough. Behind law there must be power. It is good that arbitration should be encouraged. It is good that the accepted practices of warfare should become ever more humane. It is good that before peace is broken the would-be belligerents should be compelled to discuss their difference in some congress of the nation. It is good that the security of the smaller States should be fenced round with peculiar care. But all the precautions are mere scraps of paper unless they can be enforced. What is

needed now, and will be so long as militarism is unconquered, is the machinery for enforcing them, and the contrivance of such a machinery will test to the utmost the statesmanship of the world.

On May 27 President Wilson followed with these words:—

The repeated utterances of the leading statesmen of most of the great nations now engaged in war have made it plain that their thought has come to this—that the principle of public right must henceforth take precedence over the individual interest of particular nations, and that the nations of the world must in some way band themselves together to see that right prevails as against any sort of selfish aggression; that henceforth alliance must not be set up against alliance, understanding against understanding, but that there must be a common agreement for a common object, and that at the heart of that common object must lie the inviolable rights of peoples and of mankind. . . . This is what we ourselves will say when there comes the proper occasion to say it. . . . So sincerely do we believe in these things that I am sure I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association formed in order to realize these objects, and to make them sure against violation.

He went on to speak of the time "when some common force will be brought into existence which shall safeguard right as the first and most fundamental interest of all people and all governments, when coercion shall be summoned not to the service of political ambition or selfish hostility, but to the service of common order, common justice, and common peace." It has been objected that this declaration is vague, but if it is vague, it studiously follows the example of our own ministers in avoiding specific proposals which might lead to controversy and so ob-

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scure the main issue. The speech was also criticised because it included a reference to regulations affecting the seas, and a sentence indicating that America is not concerned with the causes of the war. These remarks distracted attention in England from the main subject of the speech. But Lord Grey has himself hinted at possible agreements regarding the seas, provided that they affect the land also; and America clearly has no direct concern with the complexities of Balkan politics in which the war originated. It would, therefore, be over-captious to let ourselves be sidetracked by these sentences from the main arguments of the President's declaration, universally admitted to be a momentous utterance in harmony with the Allies' policy.

It was thought that the President's speech would be acceptable to the Governments of the Allies, as being in line with the utterances of their Ministers, as making what had been vaguely adumbrated by them a matter of recognized practical politics, and as showing that the permanent security which it is our aim to achieve by the crushing of German militarism, is made more clearly feasible by America's adhesion to a combine of nations to prevent war.

Disappointment was felt at the absence of response from the Allied Governments to the American offer of participation in the scheme. It will, however, we may hope, be assumed in America that no coldness was intended to be shown, since the policy of our Ministers has, through American support, become a more definite reality. The eagerness, at all events, of both great American parties, to prove themselves sound on the subject of treaties to enforce peace, continues, and furnishes one of the chief features in the international outlook.

Noel Buxton.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS WITH THE NEW ARMIES.

Having held a command in one of the earlier formations of the New Armies continuously for twelve months, from the creation of the First and Second New Armies in the autumn of 1914, throughout the training period in England, and embracing several weeks in the trenches in France; and subsequently thereto having raised and trained one of the very latest formations for a further period of six months, up to within a few weeks of its embarkation; the writer hopes that he may be able to present a true and not uninteresting picture of the most remarkable effort which any nation has ever made, in the conversion of its civil population into a military force: an effort which entirely owes its inception to the genius of Lord Kitchener, whose tragic death in the service of his country robbed him of the satisfaction of seeing the fruit of his labors, in the events of the glorious first of July and the weeks which followed.

The birth of a Division of one of the New Armies in the autumn of 1914 recalled vividly the second verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis: "And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Let the reader try to picture a collection of several thousand men and a few hundred officers, brought together for the first time from various parts of the country, without equipment or uniform (so far as the men were concerned), with the scantiest possible accommodation, inadequate and hastily improvised arrangements for cooking and washing, a few Staff and commanding officers from the retired list or Reserve of Officers, a sprinkling of regimental officers who had at some more or less remote period served in the Regular Army, a few officers with previous Territorial experi-

ence, a fair proportion of officers just commissioned who had been in their school or 'Varsity Officers' Training Corps, and about the same number of second lieutenants without any previous experience of soldiering, either theoretical or practical; added to this a sprinkling of old regular N.C.O.'s of every degree of efficiency and otherwise, and a fair idea may be formed of the nature of the raw material and the conditions under which it had to be fashioned in such wise as to produce in due course a New Army Division. Some of the officers who had volunteered their services from the retired list showed a courage in the face of physical infirmity which was not always equaled by their ability to tackle the difficult job before them, which, indeed, in the case of battery and company commanders and artillery brigade or infantry battalion commanders, called for a degree of physical and mental fitness and of intimate knowledge of administrative routine down to the smallest details, which would tax the powers of much younger and more capable officers on the active list. Much the same might be said within narrower limits of the N.C.O.'s who had returned to the Colors after a more or less prolonged retirement in civil life, but in their case the responsibilities were less and the disabilities not so accentuated. Let the reader try to imagine brigades of artillery, battalions of infantry, companies of Royal Engineers, ammunition columns, etc., formed from such material, in the process of acquiring cohesion and organization, and realize that while this process was going on, even from the very start, discipline had to be maintained, rations drawn and cooked, cover from the weather obtained, cleanliness in person and in quarters

insisted upon, medical and sanitary inspection provided for, the formation of unit and subunits taken in hand, company and platoon, battery and section commanders selected, drills organized, N.C.O.'s appointed, offices started, indents for necessaries, clothing, equipment, harness, barrack and stable utensils, camp equipment and line gear made out, accounts kept, pay days arranged, correspondence attended to, returns rendered, and conundrums of every possible kind to ask and answer, and he may be able to form a faint idea of what the pioneers of the new Divisions had to undertake. Those who have never seen a new unit in the making under the conditions which prevailed in the autumn of 1914 can, however, scarcely have any conception of what the earlier phases were like; as time went on these conditions steadily improved, and the Divisions which were raised later on in the following year knew little of the organic troubles in which the earlier formations first saw the light.

The new Divisions were raised at some military center such as Colchester, Shorncliffe, Aldershot, or Salisbury Plain, where the barracks and huts vacated by the Regular Army were available as a contribution toward the accommodation required; in other cases they were raised in districts not previously occupied by troops, and were scattered in camps and billets. Even in the case of such places as Colchester and Shorncliffe tents were used to a very great extent, until the severe winter weather necessitated the recourse to billets wherever possible with all their attendant drawbacks. The idea was ultimately to quarter every Division of the First Army in the Aldershot Command, and those of the Second Army in the Southern Command on Salisbury Plain for divisional training under the supervision of a Training Center Headquarters

prior to embarkation for service overseas, the Divisions of the later formations being similarly treated as vacancies occurred when their turn came.

The question of accommodation was a burning one for many months, but building by no means kept pace with the requirements of the situation, and the lack of covered accommodation for horses during the winter of 1914-15 was severely felt. Some commanders kept the number of their horses down to the bare minimum necessary to teach the officers and men of mounted units to ride and the drivers to drive, and were thus able to provide for them in troop stables or billets; this kept the horses fit, but an insufficient number were being trained; other commanders drew their full establishment of horses and picketed them out in the open, in cold and wet, and worst of all, in mud; horse mastership was in its infancy, farriers were rare, and the horses fell off in condition or died, to an extent that was heart-breaking.

However, the never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1914-15 was over at last, hutments and shelters for horses had sprung up all over the country, and the burning question of quartering ceased to weigh like a nightmare on the shoulders of every commander.

The supply of horses was never for a moment deficient, quite the reverse in fact, for the Remount Establishments were overflowing owing to the needs of the Army in France suddenly coming almost to a standstill on account of trench warfare having superseded open warfare, and casualties to horses having thereby been reduced to a minimum.

The early training in the autumn and winter of 1914 was carried out under conditions of incredible difficulty owing to lack of necessary equipment. In the mounted branches it was at first impossible to teach the officers and men to ride owing to there being no saddles

and bridles. Lord Roberts stepped into the breach, however, and obtained saddles and bridles from people all over the country. These were collected at certain depots and distributed on a *pro rata* basis by the Army Ordnance Department. The few saddles and bridles thus obtained by each brigade of artillery were a veritable godsend, and enabled a beginning to be made in the most essential part of the instruction of mounted officers and men. Improvisation was the order of the day in every branch of training; wooden rifles and wooden guns, dummy telephone sets, and every conceivable device for getting on with the technical training in the absence of the proper equipment had to be resorted to. Lectures and indoor instruction after dark or in very bad weather were carried out as far as it was possible to do so with the extremely limited undercover accommodation available; but with the appearance of the ubiquitous Y.M.C.A. hut, followed by regimental institutes, this difficulty was less in evidence. It is impossible to enumerate all the benefits which the Army has derived from the Y.M.C.A. huts, and the debt which the country owes to the Army cannot be discharged in a more acceptable way than through the medium of these huts with their hosts of voluntary helpers.

The lack of technical equipment, however, remained a very serious impediment to training for many months after the outbreak of war, and was very generally attributed by officers to our Free Trade policy having permitted Germany to corner certain essential industries, or branches of industries, and thus completely hold up the supply necessary for Army purposes. Whether this idea was correct or not must be decided by those who were behind the scenes, but it is difficult to explain the situation on any other hypothesis, and this maddening handicap to training

during the first nine months of the War converted any Free Traders who could be found in the New Armies into ardent advocates for making this country in the future industrially independent of any foreign country, at any rate in respect to every article which might conceivably be required for the equipment and armament of our Navy and Army.

One of the most scandalous episodes in the early history of the New Armies was the unscrupulous campaign carried on by anti-inoculation agencies against preventive typhoid inoculation. Commanding officers and company officers got no rest until they had persuaded over 90 per cent of the men to be inoculated; a few "conscientious objectors," primed by the anti-inoculation agitators, could undo in five minutes all the good which had previously been done by a simple clear lecture from some selected expert on inoculation, or by an earnest exhortation from the commanding officer. On one occasion about a hundred men, who had paraded under great persuasion for inoculation, were waiting to file past the operating surgeon, when, unfortunately, the leading man fainted on feeling the prick of the hypodermic syringe. The result was an absolute stampede of the remainder. This could only have been due to their imaginations having been so worked upon that they were in a state of excessive nervous tension, and thus fell easy victims to a senseless panic. A sense of humor is an antidote to irritation on such occasions.

The voluntary system (?) of recruiting was a great impediment to efficiency from start to finish. In the early days, while recruiting was brisk, the principal drawback was the uneven flow of recruits and the waste of good material owing to unsuitable and unregulated enlistments. It was inevitable under the haphazard methods of voluntary recruiting that many great industries

all over the country should be utterly disorganized: industries which were essential for the manufacture of war material, clothing, and equipment, as well as those upon which the country had to depend for maintaining our export trade, and thus safeguarding our financial position. The result of this was soon reflected in the calls which had to be made on units of the New Armies under training to disgorge various classes of mechanics and artisans who were urgently required for munition factories and for the various industries upon which the life of the Army and of the nation literally depended. The dislocation in the administrative machinery and in the training of the new units caused by such calls can easily be imagined; it was, indeed, but a reflex of the disorganization which had previously been caused in the industrial centers by the utterly unregulated voluntary enlistment of skilled workmen whose experience and training should have been jealously husbanded for employment in such channels only as would assure to the nation the maximum benefit for the prosecution of the War.

The best driver in one battery of artillery was a dentist; it was creditable to him that he should have attained proficiency as a driver, but it would perhaps have been more advantageous to the Army if he had been employed at his profession. Skilled chauffeurs and chauffeur-mechanics presented themselves over and over again for enlistment in the mechanical transport section of the Army Service Corps, and were sent away because there were no vacancies. Those who were most eager to be serving their country enlisted in the infantry or artillery, and in some cases were subsequently transferred to the A.S.C., but after this had been going on for a while no more transfers were permitted, and the A.S.C. were actually training

inexperienced men, while thoroughly competent men were learning to dig trenches or drive gun teams, or do anything rather than the work at which they had proved themselves efficient in civil life. Concurrently with this, of course, the most absurdly high rates of pay were given to the men who were lucky enough to get enlisted direct into the A.S.C. mechanical transport; these rates have since been reduced.

But perhaps the worst feature of the voluntary system showed itself when recruiting was slack, and units could not be made up to establishment. All sorts of devices were tried to bolster up the system and put off as long as possible the inevitable moment when, for sheer lack of any kind of human material, the politicians who had steadfastly opposed national military training would find themselves compelled to embrace compulsory military service.*

During this period, which began early in the War and reached an acute stage in the summer of 1915, thousands of men who never ought to have been enlisted were drawing pay, rations, and separation allowance (if married), wasting the time of officers and N.C.O.s in trying to make into soldiers men who were so physically or mentally defective that it was obvious they could never be put into the fighting-line. Every obstacle was placed in the way of getting these men discharged, and it must be inferred that political influence was at work to maintain a

*Lord Roberts had been advocating national military training for nearly nine years when the War broke out: the politicians of all shades of opinion were, generally speaking, adverse to his crusade. Lord Roberts considered that adequate preparation on our part would disabuse Germany of the idea that a war of aggression against England would be likely to be advantageous. After the Agadir crisis in 1911 Lord Haldane took Lord Roberts severely to task for his lack of a proper understanding of strategy and of the business of organizing a war! Mr. Runciman apologized to Germany for Lord Roberts' ridiculous and unfounded suspicions of her *bona fides*. Mr. Asquith denounced his proposals as "wicked," while the *Nation*, not to be outdone, characterized them as "diabolical."

voluntary paper army in sufficient strength to satisfy the public that all was well, regardless of the representations of commanding officers that all was very far from being well. Shortly after the return of Lord French from France, and after he had been able to inspect a large number of units, an entire change of policy was observed, and the unfit and degenerate ceased to figure on the rolls of England's New Armies. The last prop to voluntary service having thus been removed, it collapsed in full view of the country which had hitherto affected to believe in it; and with scarcely a dissentient voice compulsory military service was adopted.*

In 1915 a spurt was given to recruiting by entrusting county and municipal committees with the raising of local units. In some of the large towns, such as Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Nottingham, and in Municipalities of the County of London, such as Hammersmith, East Ham, etc., this scheme was a pronounced success; the local association or connection was much prized by the unit, and the local authority and the leading people of the locality showed the greatest zeal in doing everything that was possible for the success of their bantling. Thousands of people in many parts of England who had seldom seen a soldier, and who took but a languid interest in, even if they had not a positive aversion from, anything to do with the Army, found themselves suddenly immersed in a sea of enthusiasm in which everyone was vying with everyone else to promote the successful raising, housing, maintenance, comfort, and well being of their local unit. During this period

*It is significant of the thoroughness with which the country has embraced National Service, that on a recent occasion when Sir J. Simon proposed to address a public meeting, he was advised that it might lead to disturbance. Sir J. Simon would be surprised if he could realize the intense bitterness which is felt against him by those who have seen at close quarters the result of his policy in all its bearings.

the system was for a "Raising Committee" to be formed under the Mayor to co-operate with a Commanding Officer appointed by the War Office, with the concurrence, or sometimes on the recommendation, of the Mayor. Arrangements having been made for housing or camping, feeding, and clothing the unit, a brisk recruiting campaign was started. A nucleus of officers, many of whom had been promoted from the ranks, and N.C.O.'s who were over age for service overseas or who had been invalidated as unfit for service abroad, were lent to the unit as instructors, and the establishment of officers completed by temporarily commissioned second lieutenants. The unit was licked into shape at its "raising" headquarters to the extent of learning the rudiments of discipline, drill, and interior economy, and within a short time of reaching its full establishment of men was drafted off as an entire unit to its Divisional Headquarters.

The Brigadier-General, as he received the units thus assigned to his command, found that the rough edge had already been taken off, and that he was in a much better position to make a start than was the case in the earlier days of the War.

Enough has been said to enable the reader to appreciate in some degree the difficulties under which units of the New Armies were called into existence, especially in the early days of the War; these difficulties have been touched upon not with any idea of airing grievances, but solely with a view to presenting a true picture of what the officers and men of those units had to accomplish before the Division could take the field as a fighting force.

In certain units, such as the Honorable Artillery Company, a very large proportion of the men who enlisted were fitted by social position and tradition, as well as by education and experience of the world, for temporary com-

missions in the New Army; in certain infantry units, such as the Sportsman's Battalion and the 10th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, nearly all the privates came under this category. This was all very well at the beginning of the War, and life in the ranks of such units was naturally pleasanter for men of similar social position and tastes than it would have been if they had enlisted casually in any unit, without reference to its special characteristics. In the autumn of 1914 there was a real difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of suitable candidates for commissions (temporary); of candidates, indeed, there were enough, but many of them were quite unsuitable for the position to which they aspired. It is probable that this state of affairs was in part due to the popular but absolutely baseless idea that the War would be over in a few months; on what grounds it is impossible to say, except that people are prone to believe what they want to believe, and that it was to Germany's interest that we should not take the War too seriously, which latter reason may account for the remarkably optimistic forecasts of some of our great financiers, who are not free from German influence or even German origin. However this may be, as the months went by and the interminable vista of a protracted war slowly unrolled itself, numerous applications for commissions from the class of men above mentioned began to be made by them, or on their behalf by commanding officers who knew something about them and desired to secure them as second lieutenants in their own commands. The difficulty at once arose that if their commanding officer recommended one such application he could not refuse to recommend fifty others, with the result that his unit would be so heavily depleted that it would not be fit for embarkation with its Division. The anomaly was a long time righting itself, and candidates for

commissions who had enlisted at the beginning of the War, and who had actually been asked for by other commanding officers as much as eighteen months ago, are only now, in some cases, able to join cadet schools* with a view to being selected for a commission.

During this period many direct temporary commissions have been given from civil life to less qualified persons, on the nominations of Mayors or others who have been instrumental in raising new units. It is, of course, obvious that if the ranks of all units could have been readily kept filled by the automatic working of the system of compulsory service, the difficulty of sparing men for commissioned service would scarcely have arisen, and in any case would have been easily overcome.

Promotions from the ranks of the Regular Army to permanent commissions were carried out on a very extensive scale, usually as a reward for service in the field. Officers thus commissioned were found particularly useful in the early stages of raising new units, their experience of the details of company and battery interior economy and discipline proving invaluable, and their services as instructors in the early period of the training were much appreciated.

The selection of New-Army men as N.C.O.'s was attended with some difficulty; many who might have made good N.C.O.'s were averse from the idea of exerting their authority and exercising discipline. Discipline, indeed, was a novelty to most of them, and absence without leave and unpunctuality were regarded with the utmost tolerance. The lack of proper uniform at first made the position of

*Cadet schools were instituted early in the present year, and all candidates for temporary commissions, without exception, are required to go through a course at one of these schools, after the completion of which they are either nominated for commissions or relegated to the ranks if unable to qualify. An excellent system.

these N.C.O.'s still more difficult, but gradually the habit of command began to be acquired, and from day to day matters improved.

Absence without leave was usually epidemic in all new units for the first three months, after which the men began to shake off their slack civilian ideas on this subject, and within six months the disease had usually disappeared. Needless to say that this offense was one of the most serious difficulties in the way of rapid and efficient training.

The first half of the training seemed to consist of steady slogging without any very appreciable results, until a period would be reached when a sort of indefinable change seemed to come over the scene, and progress distinct and unmistakable became visible. About this time most of the unsuitable officers and N.C.O.'s would have been got rid of, and a small but increasing and very precious leaven of regular serving officers would be introduced as brigadiers, artillery brigade commanders, infantry battalion and company commanders, to take the place of retired officers or inexperienced officers of the New Army; these officers would usually be some of those who had been wounded or temporarily placed *hors de combat* at the Front, and after a period of convalescence passed by a Medical Board as "fit for light duty at home"; they would join their new unit in anticipation of being "fit for general service" by the time the Division went overseas. Staff Officers would similarly begin to be available from the same source, and from this time the training would rapidly pass through the successive stages preparatory to the combined training of the Division. During this period it would be clearly noticeable that a fine *esprit de corps* was growing up, not confined to the brigade of artillery or battalion of infantry or other unit, but culminating, as the

training advanced, into a real "*esprit de Division*." This period of the training was truly the happiest for all ranks, the goal was coming well in sight, all ranks had learned enough to realize how much there was still to learn, and the newly fledged second-lieutenant, who at the outset (in common with many a recruit) had been impatient at the prospect of not going overseas to fight as soon as he had got into his uniform, was only too glad of the prospect of several weeks' more training and work in co-operation between artillery and infantry and engineer, to consolidate the new unit, now that he was able to see from day to day how each week's work was making it a better match to meet the Hun.

It is of the utmost importance that the nation should realize how much the New Armies owe to the leaven of regular officers and N.C.O.'s distributed over the various units; whether they were "dug-outs" putting the machine together in the earlier stages, or serving officers from the active list putting on the finishing touches in the later stages, it must be realized that their services were indispensable, and that without their services the miracle of the New Armies could never have been accomplished. But, given this leaven, all things were possible; the average intelligence of the rank and file was higher than in the raw material of the Regular Army, and the point of view was different: these men had left their vocations in civil life for one purpose only, and that was to fit themselves to slay the Hun in the shortest possible space or time.

One of the most astonishing features was the proficiency which the artillery drivers attained; it must be understood that very few of them had ever ridden before, and that, in their case, the unusual and difficult feat of training the man and the horse had to be

performed at one and the same time, for the remounts, although generally speaking of good quality, were quite untrained and had to learn their job just as much as the recruit on their backs had to learn his. Doubtless both horse and rider suffered a not inconsiderable amount of discomfort in the process, but they soon began to understand each other and doubtless made allowances for each other's and their own shortcomings. Gun practice, combined training in the field, and the review by His Majesty the King, each in their turn, proved the artillery driver to be better than the most optimistic artillery commander had anticipated. One never ceased, in those latter days of the training, to wonder at the achievement of the artillery drivers. They have had opportunities of showing their mettle since the 1st of July in taking their teams under terrific fire over the scarred field of the Somme, and they have had their reward in the exultant cheer with which their infantry comrades have welcomed them as they have dashed up to their close support, regardless of obstacles, as if trench warfare indeed were a thing of the past.

The necessity for the closest and most intimate co-operation between artillery and infantry was the keynote of the latter part of the training. The artillery knew that much was expected of it, and the verdict of the infantry was that the gunners never failed them; a result which was, indeed, essential to our success in the field, but which was none the less remarkable for all that; it could never have been even approximately attained without the leaven of regular or ex-regular officers and N.C.O.'s to which allusion has already been made.

Some Divisions were fortunate in having from the outset a commander who had been appointed on promotion straight from the Front. Some were

more fortunate than others in having sufficient time to complete their training satisfactorily before proceeding overseas; others had to be unduly hurried in their training; some were introduced to trench warfare and took their place in the line under a systematic program, which allowed all ranks plenty of time to get accustomed to being under fire before any call was made on them for a big attack; others, less fortunate, and in a small minority, did not have the same advantages before they found themselves in the thick of the fight. But this is now ancient history, and all the Divisions of the New Armies have probably by this time made the closest possible acquaintance with the Hun and astonished him somewhat by the manner in which they have claimed to carry on the glorious traditions of "The First Seven Divisions."

One of the most interesting features of the training and administration of the new formations was the system of inspection and the manner in which inspecting officers interpreted their functions. There were inspectors of Quartermaster-General Services, Inspectors of Remounts, Inspectors of Artillery, Inspectors of Infantry, General Staff Inspectors, and others, and, generally speaking, the inspector fully realized that his business was not simply to point out shortcomings, but to help to remedy them: to help the much-harassed commanding officer who knew only too well what the shortcomings of his unit were, to teach as well as to criticise, and to be a valuable channel of communication between commanders and the particular branch at the War Office which would be able to help the show along if it knew precisely where the shoe pinched.

The Divisions of the New Armies enjoyed one incalculable advantage: they were trained as a rule from the start as complete formations, and the

excellent results of training all the component units together at the same center were very evident in the almost insensible growth of the spirit of co-operation, which ultimately became almost an instinct or second nature. The immense advantage which accrued from this cause can scarcely be over-rated; divisional commander and staff, brigadier-generals and their staffs, artillery brigade commanders, engineer, infantry and cavalry commanders, signal companies, train, medical staff, ordnance and supply officers, all learned to know each other, and to act in concert for a common end.

Some of the latest of the New Army divisions went overseas in the spring of this year, many of them have taken part in "the great push" which began on the 1st of July, and have firmly established their reputation on an even higher plane than might have been anticipated. Few people in England realized that we had such magnificent material for a national army, and we shall owe Germany a never-ending debt of gratitude for compelling us not only to discover it, but ultimately to utilize it in the right way, and to bring home to every Briton the unalterable truth that, notwithstanding pacifists, conscientious objectors, cosmopolitan financiers, and all the crowd of Little Englanders and pro-Germans, *the Army is the Nation and the Nation is the Army, one and indivisible, without politics or class distinctions, inspired only by one ideal, which is: that to maintain the honor of his country and The Nineteenth Century and After.*

the security of his hearth and home is the highest privilege and essential obligation of every citizen.

If nothing has been said in the foregoing pages of the Territorial Force, and little about the old Army, let it not be supposed for an instant that such an omission implies a failure to realize the part which they have played in the great drama of the war. The magnificent devotion of the Territorial Force at the beginning of the war rendered it possible to employ every Regular unit in the Empire against the onrush of the German hordes in France; it enabled the magnificent Indian contingent to be employed in Europe; and it furnished many Divisions for the fighting line in different parts of the theatre of war which have stood the brunt of nearly two years' fighting. And the old Army—"the First Seven Divisions"—their epitaph has been written by Lord Ernest Hamilton in glowing words which will never die—"The grandeur of the doings of those First Seven Divisions lies, it may well be, in their immunity from the play of a cheap flashlight—a flashlight which too often distorts the perspective, and so illuminates the wrong spot. There is a gospel in the very reticence of the records of the regiments concerned—in the dignity with which, without any blare of trumpets, they tell of the daily answer to the call of a duty which balanced them ceaselessly on the edge of eternity. But it is always told as of a simple response to the call of duty, and not as a thing to be waved in the face of an audience."

F. G. Stone, Brigadier-General.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XXI.

A QUAKER'S WEDDING AND WHAT
CAME OF IT.

The Meeting-House is but a step from the *Green Dragon*: we all went afoot and early, but the crush had already begun, and we had all our works to get in, and of course were separated, for the sexes are placed upon opposite sides of the house in a Friend's meeting.

None of my young relatives has ever been inside one of these places, nor, if you had, would the experience have prepared you for the extraordinary concourse which met my eyes upon the occasion of which I am writing. The building is ample, its floor-space closely and uncomfortably seated with hard oak benches; the gallery, which curves around the building in the form of a horse-shoe, being similarly fitted.

Every seat appeared to have been taken, and we, late comers, shuffling cautiously over the toes, and past the knees of earlier arrivals, were accommodated one here and another there, as the indulgence of the company was extended to us.

Mrs. Ellwood, seeing the press, went no farther than the doors, and returned with her husband to the inn. Georgy, who would have accompanied her, was unaware of her retreat, having been taken in hand by one of the many door-keepers, or sidesmen, and placed amid stylishly-dressed folk obviously not Friends.

From a seat in the gallery I watched the child in the well of the house below settling herself gracefully beside a grandly proportioned dame whose face I could not see: then, as the girl removed her hard poke bonnet, as Quaker women do in meeting during hot weather, I caught my breath, for her crown of

red-gold hair coiled above the whiteness of her nape, set off the splendor of such beauty as a man sees but once in a lifetime, and lit up the dusky place and its packed congregation like some magnificent tropic tiger-lily. What features! what play of expression as she turned towards her neighbor! what carriage of head and shoulders! what glow of colors upon cheek and proud pouting lip! And all this enhanced rather than dimmed by the soft, dove-colored Quaker habit, and creamy-white silken cross-over beneath her dear little chin!

I cast about for Abel; he, too, was in my gallery, several rows away, gravely devouring his lady-love with burning eyes.

Nor he only. A soft buzz of masculine exclamations began, decorous enough, but unusual in that precinct, telling the initiated that for once the World had thrust in. Quizzing-glasses made their appearance, a hundred or more of men and as many fashionable women, leaning, bending, ogling and peeping for a glimpse of this wonderful creature.

The personable elderly woman who had made room at her side for our child, turned toward her protectively with a gracious inclination and some softly-breathed word. I could not see her profile for the feathers in her bonnet, but 'twas plainly one of the modish strangers.

Nor did the first gentle welcome suffice, they were conversing *en tête-à-tête*.

And still the great congregation sat on, perspiring and whispering for three quarters of an hour, awaiting the coming of some notables without whose presence the occasion would be shorn of grandeur and significance.

When at last the expected personages arrived half the concourse arose

to do them honor. Fluttered sidesmen escorted to reserved seats the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg and her train all in mufti and plainly attired.

Peeping between the shoulders of a couple of grandees in the row before me, next to the gallery rail, I had a bird's-eye view of Dawnay's portly person moving delicately and with martial grace in a peaceful and unwanted *milieu* breathing cautiously into his beaver, nodding and whispering to his escorting doorkeeper. When seated he crossed massive legs, fixed eyeglass and surveyed surroundings.

As if by instinct his eye caught mine, and although his well-trained features betrayed no recognition, I knew that he was diverted by something in my neighborhood. The compressed lips gave no sign, but the eye signaled—what?

As the tiers of standing and craning men before and behind resumed their seats I was aware that the persons exactly in front of me were conversing in German just below their breaths.

"Amazing infatuation! What can Her Serenity see in this *bourgeoisie*?"

I saw the man addressed take snuff ere he replied, "The lady stands for Europe, Highness, which is bled white, and deadly sick of war. You and I have to make our accounts with this *faiblesse* at the coming congress.

"But, *entre nous*, the sore burrows deeper. Her Serenity, yes, and Others Who Count (Your Highness takes me?) are grown dubious of the Divine Right, and would accept the Revolution in one form or another. I profess I have listened to Her Serenity, and to the Emperor, Himself, prating of constitutions and the Rights of Peoples, until my blood ran cold!"

"Gott in Himmel!—You cannot mean it, Count? Such an attitude in His Majesty would ruin us all!"

"That goes without saying, Highness. I but designate the danger we must

combat. 'Tis madness, of course. Our great Kaiser's dictum must be ours: '*Everything for the People; Nothing by the People.*'"

"Undoubtedly. I am with you, and am working, as you know. Is it indiscreet to ask what brings you to such a bizarre conventicle? . . . (Mere curiosity drew me, I confess)."

"I came to study Her Serenity's confessor, a man who has puzzled me for years. I am told he will be present. A French-American of good blood, an *Emigré*, an extraordinary person. I had thought him an agent of the Society of Jesus and have left him at large when I might have clapped him into Spielberg. But the General disavows him, a little late for my precautions, unluckily!"

"Have you approached his person?"

"Naturally. I asked him to call upon me. He came to my hotel and . . . *prayed at me!* Yes, upon his knees. I have seldom been placed in so ridiculous a position. It is one of his most famous resources, I am told. He has prayed himself out of the hands of Buonaparte's police before now—Mesmerism?—I cannot say. I, at least, am immune; but, Her Serenity may be impressionable. Shouldn't wonder. Shouldn't wonder at all. Also His Majesty. All *les nouveaux Romanoffs* seem erotic, or erratic; mystics or libertines, the moujik strain, you understand!"

Both men chuckled almost inaudibly. And I, too, understood. For who had not heard the horrid story of the Russian Court? The late Tzar Paul, presumptive father of Alexander, had to the last hour of his life repudiated the parentage. The empress-mother, whose amazing behavior had been the scandal of her time, had procured the murder of her husband. Which of her innumerable lovers had fathered this tall, dreamy, superstitious creature none could even guess. Probably some

common soldier, a peasant, for in body, as in soul, the Great White Tzar, Alexander the First, was a son of the Black Earth and reeked of the soil of Russia.

They were muttering again. "Fool or knave?"

"I am unable to make up my mind, hence you find me here investigating the fellow's character. He is worth the pains, for, if a charlatan, he is able and has parts. *Un diplomat manqué*. A seeming-simple fanatic who is inaccessible to women, wine, money or fear, is an enigma, and may go far.

"Your Highness knows my aim, the Holy Alliance. I oppose the Revolution at all points, with checks, counter-checks, treaties, family pacts, marriages, guarantees, protocols. The Holy Father is with us. The General is behind me. I have a working agreement with Brzozowski. (He supports me upon terms. They will come into their own again shortly.)"

The other whistled softly "Der Teufel!"

"No help for it, Highness. We must have them for us, or against us. What would you? Just so. As I was saying, the whole Legitimist interest is for us. You would think the game won, but, Russia hangs fire. This Quaker puts a spoke in my wheel."

"With what object?"

"The devil knows! I listened to his rhodomontade for an hour. He proposed to convert me,—ME! to 'lead me to the feet of the Master!' (his words). His speech is an unintelligible jargon of Principles, Guidance, Inner Light, and what not: maundering tedium for the most part, but, with a direct, personal appeal in it, too, that, I will confess, touched me at times. 'Twas like . . . like . . . How, say I? . . . But, if you must have it, Highness, let me illustrate. I once visited a madhouse to interrogate a patient whom I had placed there under deten-

tion for some political reason. The wretch was dying fast, and stark mad, but amid his ravings jetted in interpolated passages of . . . something rational or . . . beyond the reason. It pricked deep. I own to having shuddered. So with this person, Grellet. I prefer to study him at a safe distance; and in company.

"He is certain to address the meeting, they tell me. You shall hear him and judge."

You, my young relatives, will be wondering at such conversation in a public place. But the speakers were less careless than appears. Few Englishmen had visited Central Europe for twenty years, and outside Court circles German was almost unknown.

The principal speaker, whom his companion addressed as "Count," a person of marked and characteristic features, repeatedly seemed half-conscious of surveillance, and lowered his voice to the verge of inaudibility. Once, touched by some doubt as to my character, he turned in his seat and addressed me suddenly in German, inquiring when the service would commence. I was too old in my trade to be taken so, and without removing my hat, which I was wearing as do the Friends until prayer has been offered, replied with a gentle, "I beg thy pardon, what didst thou say?" Thus reassured, and those upon their left and right exciting no misgivings, the foreigners continued their exchanges of confidences, nor did I, still in the service and pay of my sovereign, think it derogatory to my rank and name to overhear the discourse of continental plotters.

Meantime the day outside had grown warm, the crowded building had never a sash opened, and we within were oppressed. Fans appeared and fluttered like many-colored butterflies amid the concourse. Men sweated, women panted.

It was at this moment that the young couple arose. The man, taking his bride by the hand, got her to her feet, pale and self-conscious. He cleared his throat, moistened his lip and began upon a low, hoarse note, "*Friends! In the fear of the Lord, and in the presence of this assembly . . .*"

What more he said, and how he and she performed their parts, I know not. Doubtless the wedding ceremony was properly solemnized, though unnoted by me, for I had become aware of something happening in the well of the building below me.

It began with a small stir upon the women's side, and then I beheld Georgy, erect and capable, supporting to the door the almost inanimate form of some female who had fainted.

So sedately did she move, and with so unembarrassed a face, and seemed so little in need of assistance, that no help was offered, or if tendered was declined; Georgy's way. But in truth, folks had something else to do: 'twas the critical moment of the show and all eyes engaged.

Extricating myself, not without difficulty, and followed by Abel, I reached the foot of the staircase in time to find the doors still swinging. By the time we had won clear of the crush and were in the open, Georgy and her burden were half way to the street, the girl stepping out fast, but carrying, as I could see, too heavy a burden, strong as I knew her.

In the dusky, arched passage to the Bishopsgate entrance was cooler air. The fainting lady rallied, raised her head,

"O, thank you! . . . How very stupid of me! . . . Most kind, I am sure! My carriage will be outside," she said faintly, dropping her veil. As she declined to take a chair, or a sip of water, and declared herself recovered, we could do nothing beyond assisting her to her conveyance, which

I found among the many by her description of its body-color and liveries.

"Home!" she said to her men, and including Abel and myself in a rather dim-eyed bow, added, "May I entreat?" to Georgy, who stepped in after her, with a signal-look to Abel, who hailed a coach for himself and me and bade the driver keep the other in sight.

'Twas no use speculating whither we were bound, and I had lost count of our direction, when our jarvey drew rein, and we found the carriage ahead of us at a stand in Tilney Street.

Our child had alighted and was offering her arm to her companion whose face appeared at the carriage-door. . . . Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Recognition was mutual, for this gracious lady had the royal gift of never forgetting a face. My name was another matter, but she found it after a moment's hesitation.

"Mr.—no, Colonel Fanshawe, is it not?" then detecting from our child's countenance that we were her friends, and this no fortuitous meeting, she begged us to enter, and although unfortunately not in a condition to do the honors of her house personally, suggested our awaiting our kind young friend's leisure.

"I will not detain her long, gentlemen, tho' I should like to, I assure ye! The loss is mine, for there is much I wish to ask of Colonel Fanshawe."

Dismissing our coach, we entered, and saw the lady of the house climb the stair upon Georgy's arm. Half an hour later, as we sat over our sherry and biscuits, the girl was shown in to us, drawing on her gloves.

"Her ladyship desires that you will allow her carriage to take you to your hotel, my lady," said the servant, according my girl brevet rank upon the score of her appearance.

Abel escorted Georgy to the Green

Dragon, and no doubt relished the duty. I needed solitude and fresh air to think this out.

That Mrs. Fitzherbert would follow up the acquaintance I felt certain. She was not the woman to allow a conventional courtesy of this sort to pass unrewarded by the charm of her personal recognition, nor could my child's remarkable graces have been unnoted by so appreciative an observer.

What might come of it? For the moment I held the clue of the maze. Abel, whilst aware of the suspected parentage, had never met Mrs. Fitzherbert before, and was probably ignorant of the owner of the carriage in which he was sitting.

The girl knew nothing, nor did her mother, if indeed, this were her mother.

Luncheon time was past, but, engrossed by my dilemma, I walked unconscious of hunger, and later in the afternoon heard myself hailed from an open bay-window.

It was Bob Dawnay in chat with a handsome red-whiskered cavalryman, whom I recognized as young Lord Yarmouth, commonly known as "The Bloater," from whom my friend detached himself to drag me within the club-house.

"Gentlemen! I ask ye to honor the new member! Waiter, glasses round. . . . Ye were not aware, Doodles, that I put ye up for this? I did, though, and this company will bear me out that last election-night ye were balloted in without a single pill. So, stump up, if ye have the blunt upon ye, and sign the Book of Members. Yes, man, this is *Boodles*."

Wonderful! I had grown, if not like Lord Byron, famous, yet clubable in my sleep! Country gentlemen, Masters of Hounds, and members of the Tory party, who a few years before would not willingly have been seen upon the same side of Pall Mall with me, were now anxious for my acquaintance, and

had enthusiastically endorsed my (supposed) application when it had been brought forward by Dawnay and sponsored by His Royal Highness the Duke of York and the mess of the Household Cavalry.

I was never so flattered in my life before nor since. War, though a horror abroad, is a healer at home. The old grudge, the ancient stain across my family coat was gone, washed off by German sea-fogs and Spanish rain. If the sun of the Peninsula had left me the power to blush I must have colored like any girl, for the ridiculous questions which were put to me in all seriousness by that company of good fellows pass belief.

I was "Fanshawe of the Secret Service," and no story of my (supposed) exploits had been too absurd to go down.

One might have imagined that His Majesty's arms had driven the forces of the Corsican from Spain by grace of my personal exertions. If this ridiculous legend were not stopped I bade fair to become the vogue, the rage! Seeing this I put on my woodenest face and sat mute, letting them chatter, or replying drily in monosyllables.

But 'twould not serve, 'twas accepted as part of my character, the strong, silent, competent, sagacious man, whose infallible intelligence had guided Lord Wellington's operations. (Confound the fools! I profess I could have sworn.)

Bob rescued me. He had something for my private ear. I twigged it, for I knew the man's little ways, so let him take my arm and lead me forth, our ancient friendship accepted as an excuse for his appropriation of the man whom all wanted to see and hear more of. Such is fame!

In the Park he began, "Ye saw how I smoked ye, Doodles; but, Lord, what a fellow ye are! No wonder Boney's men had no chance with ye.

Who but you would have thought to keep an eye upon the Count in a Quakers' Meeting?—Hope my mug didn't give ye away?"

"What moonshine is this, man? I profess I do not understand ye."

He stared incredulously, "Don't ask me to believe ye didn't know those fellows ye sate behind in the gallery this morning! Man, they were Capo d'Istria and Metternich, a couple of past-masters in intrigue. If ye didn't improve your opportunity ye enjoy a most unjustly-earned repute for finesse, for I saw their lips going all the time, and made sure they were discussing something beside the weather and the crops. Begad, the fellows thought a Quakers' Meeting-House as safe a place as any for a confab. What was it all about?"

But that was my affair. Good old Bob was too indiscreet for a confidant. 'Twas simple enough to change the topic, for the man had worries of his own upon which he wanted to take my advice. (*Mine!*—Never was such a *volle-face*: I, who never hitherto had been worth asking counsel of over the hanging of a dog, found myself credited with an acumen and resource of which, Heaven knows, I had not suspected myself.)

"'Tis like this, Doodles. Since that fellow Macmahon's seizure, Prinny has taken to leaning upon me," said my friend, unconsciously illustrating his master's method by locking an arm in mine and putting his ponderous weight upon it, a load I was hardly up to at the time, but sustained for the sake of my man's troubles, letting him ride me off my line into the gutter, whilst explaining his perplexities.

"Ye see, D., 'tis this way. Mac had a stroke two months ago, and as good as died.* (P.P. we used to call him, which might stand for Privy Purse, or

Prince's Purveyor, or anything else ye like. I doubt the poor fellow is in for the deuce of a time of it in his next billet!)

"But where the fun comes in is that Prinny has handed the ribands to me. No less. I loathe the job: 'tis damnable. Ye will say, 'Why not decline it?' but that's none so easy. Say I sell out, and cut the Service, what shall a fellow do with himself? Besides, I am pretty badly dipped. My place in Berkshire is a younger son's bagatelle, five farms and a tumble-down manor-house, all mortgaged. No, if I sell I am broke, for the Jews would not wait. I am tied to this man, and he knows the hole I am in.

"Hush! Shut your head! I won't take a guinea off ye! 'Twas not that I brought ye here to ask. . . . Let me finish. . . . Where was I?

"I have been wading through Mac's books and correspondence to get '*O-fay*,' as he would have said. His *dossiays*, as he called 'em, are not the nicest of reading. In your stale-drunkest of dreams, Doodles, I swear ye never conceived such goings-on. Prinny has played the fool, of course, but the way the man is blackmailed is incredible. And from quarters ye would never expect, his mother, for one; his sisters, his brothers—some of 'em—Cumberland the worst.

"Then every fashionable woman he ever exchanged a soft word with is after him for money, or money's worth.

"The keeping of 'em quiet, the dealing round of *petty doosoors*, as Mac used to call 'em, was his job. It did for him—that and other things. It'll do for me, though I come to the business with a clean sheet, comparatively: which was more than poor P.P. could have said.

"Some of the claims are frivolous, some sheer bounce, a few serious and well backed. There is one I want ye to advise me about. Listen.

*The Right Honble. John Macmahon survived until 1817. Ed.

"Ye remember Ompetàda of the Fifth? I have heard ye speak of the man. He dropped out after the trial where he turned King's evidence. Lord! what a figure he cut under cross-examination! I never saw a human being sweat like it! . . . That must be fourteen years back, an old story. But, by the way, wasn't he your under-study in Germany throughout that transfer of Boney's Heavies? I fancy he passed as Mr. Stein at that time."

I nodded.

"And ye found him a bite, I'll wager, and reported as ye found. What! ye spoke for him? Ye surprise me. Well, he was employed again. We, in the service, used to wonder where his pull was, for the man had neither brains, courage nor honesty, and queered every pitch entrusted to him, yet, up he popped after each exposure and secured a fresh start."

I nodded.

"'Twas Prinny stood his friend. Fact. The man, when a youngster, had a handsome wife. . . . Ye understand? She must have been clever, too, for I find payments to her over a series of years for services rendered abroad."

"The woman seems to have been a Secret Service Agent in Germany, one of the left-handed, liable-to-be-disavowed sort, riding a line of her own, and repudiated by our ministers on the spot. Rum arrangement, very."

I nodded. He would come to the point presently, I hoped, for I had begun to want my lunch.

"You see, D., these receipts from Hanover begin in June, '94. Keep that year in your head."

"And now I must run cunning and name no names. In October, '93, a child, a girl-child, mind ye, had been born to a certain Royal Personage—(There are plenty of Royal Personages, as ye know, D.)—born to him, I repeat, by a certain Gracious Lady, and at a

moment when such a birth was most deucedly inopportune for all concerned. For the said Gracious Lady, who would have forgiven her child's father any slight to herself, was quite capable, as is any mother, as we all know, of putting up a fight for the rights of her child."

"'Twas legitimate, then?" said I.

"It was, D., though how ye spotted that beats me. I doubt I shouldn't have let that out, so oblige me by forgetting the legitimacy. Where was I?—O, if the fact of the birth had got out, and if the mother had taken a stand, some very exalted fat would have been in the fire. So the woman, the Gracious Lady I'm telling ye about, was told that her child was still-born, and the infant was smuggled out of the house instantler, and out of the kingdom within a week."

"At any rate, that is how I read my accounts and memoranda."

"The smuggling being done by the Ompetàda woman. Yes, drive ahead, man."

"Well, Doodles, that series of payments runs on for thirteen years. I find a note that the woman and child are supposed to have perished in the retreat from Jéna. And from what appears, D., Prinny—I mean the Royal Personage I am talkin' about—must have experienced a sense of relief—at the time. At the time mind!

"For, see how things come round. The father, who would have learned of the death of his offspring with very dry eyes indeed in eighteen-six, tho', to do him justice, he would never have taken steps to bring it about, for the man is not like his brother Cumberland, Doodles, and has a bit of a heart somewhere beneath all those waistcoats, tho' I never caught sight on't yet—this father, this Royal Personage, I say, is just beginning to see that that child may be very valuable, and

of use to himself, if she can be found."

Again I nodded noncommittally, but was thinking my own thoughts as you may suppose. Bob ran on.

"The man's marriage has turned out . . . what we all know. He hates his wife, with some reason. With more reason she hates him. He hates the only child of the marriage without any reason at all.

"He goes so far, D., as to repudiate the young lady's parentage, so far as he is concerned. Ye see what I am driven' at? The King's malady is incurable. The . . . er . . . Royal Personage I am talkin' about may succeed any day, and cherishes the hope of regulatin' his marital muddles by divorcin' the second wife and acknowledgin' the first.

"Which means abrogatin' the Royal Marriage Act. D'ye see?"

I nodded, seeing perhaps as much as my friend.

"The man is crazy on retainin' the throne for his own progeny, and keeping his brothers off it. A bit hard on York, ye will say, but, good old York don't care a rap! and I believe is in the plot for he was always loyal to that gracious lady, and would chuck away his own chance to serve her. York is a gentleman."

I nodded emphatically.

"'Tis Kent, and Silly Billy, and Ernest Augustus, especially the last, whom my Royal Personage has to make his account with. Sussex and Cambridge are out of the running, anyway, and could be squared, he thinks. How the three elder men will take it he doesn't yet know. Kent and Clarence have no legitimate children, y' know, but Cumberland has, and Cumberland has recently shown us that he isn't the man to stick at trifles. Still, since the Sellis affair he is so unpopular that it is just upon the cards that Parliament might pass him over.

"Anyway, my master is game to try 'em. But, he can't find the girl."

"I thought ye said she had died in Germany," said I.

"We did think so, but things have cropped up since which make us doubt. The Ompteda woman did not die. She is alive today, and is blackmailing us. She led off by threatening to produce the child, who must be twenty by this; but, so soon as she found that we wanted her, ran back, and stands out for terms; must be paid to produce her. Now, where do I come in? Lend me your brains, Doodles."

"Where is this woman? Have ye seen her?"

"I have not. In fact I have failed in getting at her. She is a shy bird; prefers correspondence."

"Then, if ye ask my opinion, Bob, the chances are that she has lost touch with the girl; or her hold upon her, shall we say?"

"Sounds likely. She is all for money down. Coin or notes to her lawyer, 'as evidence of good faith' (she writes) before she will make an appointment. I am inclined to think you have hit it, and that I am hunting a cold line. The child must be dead, and there's an end on't."

"I didn't say that, Bob," said I, guarding myself, for I was upon mighty delicate ground and had to think of a future day. "But, I'll say this, I doubt that whatever ye pay to this person will be wasted. Still, it may be policy to keep her in tow. She probably knows more of this business than you, and it would be worth something to your master to hear what she has to tell, even if it be bad news, or inconclusive.

"Send her a trifle; such people are often in straits; and make it a condition of paying anything more that she meets you. If ye would care to have me present at the interview I will try to be at your service."

This was May, the Saturday before "Memnon's" Derby. I heard no more from Dawnay until the following September, by which date the negotiation had not advanced a jot.

Bob's "Royal Personage" was still anxious for an heir of whose paternity he could feel assured. The Omptèda woman remained inaccessible, and although she had received three small remittances, had failed to keep her appointments. Bob was no match for this adventuress, and said so.

"Find the husband," was my word, but, whether as Omptèda, or Stein, the husband was not forthcoming. Nor was I in any hurry to meet either him or his wife. Georgy as she was suited me very well. Any change save one would be for the worse.

And that change unaccountably delayed. Abel still trembled upon the verge of avowal, but had not spoken.

You will remember his appearance. He is not now, nor ever was a man upon whom advice could be forced, or whose confidence could be taken by storm a second time.

How the good fellow could endure unmoved the daily presence of such worth and loveliness, nor be suddenly carried beyond himself, passed my comprehension.

I think he kept body and mind disciplined with work, and threw more and more of the detail of the estates upon his lady's hands; the affairs and repairs of those parts within a day's

(To be continued.)

ride of Winteringhame, I mean, retaining in his own the management of the Lancashire pits and outlying portions.

Whenever I went to the Lodge I found my child more engrossed, capable and self-reliant than I recalled her at former visits. She was become an admitted judge of draught horses, Durham cattle and pigs. Her opinion upon timber was sought. She had studied subsoil-draining and had introduced a new strain of wheat from Scotland. I stared.

And under it all was the same old madeap Georgy who at a moment's notice could toss business aside and chase me the length of the New Work corridor and around the table in Hall with a sofa-cushion.

But not Abel. Mutual respect, mutual reliance, yes, and mutual dependence had been carried to their limits, but the touch of mutual passion lingered. No spark had been struck. The tinder lay ready, but unignited.

Such is the magic of work, the finest anodyne in nature for nature. But, to use it as a sedative! Fie! Said I to myself, "They are human, at least my Georgy is."

And myself. It didn't do to let her romp with me. I rode myself upon a cruel curb when alone with the girl, she, sweet thing, as unconscious of her charm and my trouble as were Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood.

I fled back to Town for safety. O, Abel! Abel! what I endured for you!

PROBLEMS OF MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALING.*

We have, in the first and second volumes quoted below, two striking contributions to problems of spiritual and mental healing; and it happens that one work supplies a commentary on the other. The Earl of Sandwich, in the little book written shortly be-

fore his recent death, describes a number of cases "cured" by his personal

*"My Experiences in Spiritual Healing," by the Earl of Sandwich (Humphreys.)

"Mind Cures," by Geoffrey Rhodes. (Methuen.)

"Spiritual Director and Physician: The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples." From the French of the Rev. Father Raymond, O.F.S. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C.R.L. (Washbourne.)

ministrations. He does not always give details that make plain, even to a physician, from what the patients were suffering; but manifestly all of them were in discomfort, and a few had definite physical conditions as the basis of their ills. The one thing emphasized is that all of these patients were cured, or at least greatly relieved of their ills, through the personal presence of the Earl, or by some manipulation or suggestion originating with him. We are told that some cases failed to be benefited, but that these were few in number. There is even some doubt whether certain patients were not cured without recognizing the source of their healing. Many, indeed, had the habit of referring the improvement to some other agency.

For the Earl does not hesitate to suggest that he has been especially endowed with a "gift" for the healing of disease; and for this he expresses the most profound gratitude to Almighty God. The failure of recognition of his beneficent power, and the opposition which it has aroused, he sets down as a manifestation of the inherent contradiction in nature between good and evil, and rather as a confirmation of his mission and gift than as in any way a proper criticism of it. "Old friends so dislike the idea that they began by shunning all allusion to the subject and now avoid my society." Such sceptics are, however, to be classed among those who fail to believe properly in the Scriptures and, above all, who do not recognize the Mission of Healing that is in Christianity. He thinks that there may be many who possess the "gift of healing" without knowing it, and, therefore, by inference at least, would suggest that those who feel any stirrings of it, in spite of the scorn and contumely which are to be accepted as part of the cross borne by those who do God's work, should persevere in the exercise of their

heavenly power. And this is what he himself did, till his death last June, in spite of the scepticism of a materialistic generation. The testimony for the "cures" thus effected, as provided by those who actually experienced them, is rather meagre; but doubtless appeals to many as demonstrating that there must have been some wonderful therapeutic agency at work to bring about such benefits for sufferers. In order to be able to discuss such cures with any real understanding of their significance one needs to know something about the history of cures in general. A writer on the history of medicine has declared that the most important chapter in the history of medicine is that which concerns "the cures that have failed"; that is, the many remedies, chemical and physical, and the many modes of treatment, which have apparently worked wonders for a time in the curing of disease of one kind or another, and sometimes of many different kinds, and then, after an interval, longer or shorter, have been given up entirely because they were proved to have no such curative efficacy as was at first confidently claimed for them. The cures that come and go in medicine are indeed legion. This is true, not only so far as popular medicine is concerned, but also in what is indeed considered to be scientific medicine. In twenty-five years of practice a physician has always had many disappointments in this regard, and he comes to appreciate very thoroughly what Hippocrates meant when he said that "art is long, and time is short, and judgment difficult." To which he might well have added that evidence is often either lacking or misleading.

At all times there have been all sorts of offered and reported remedies and modes of treatment which have cured diseases, though we still eagerly look for real remedies for most of them.

Anyone who thinks that the credulousness which accepted such cures on insufficient grounds in old times has disappeared with the progress of education or the diffusion of information cannot be aware of conditions as they actually are. The United States Government recently announced that while the population has not quite doubled in the past thirty years, it now takes more than nine times as much patent medicine to satisfy the cravings for drugs and the desire to be cured of something or other men either have the matter with them, or think they have.

All that we can discuss here is the career of men who have effected cures by their personal influence or contact in conjunction with some supposed remedial measure afterwards proved to have no physical effect. Often the testimony not only of the cured person, but also of relatives and friends, brought people from far and near to these healers, and many were actually rewarded by having the burden of their ills lifted from them. In not a few instances, the patients came to the healer after having consulted physicians by whom they remained uncured. I venture to say that it is perfectly possible to find half a dozen such healers in every century for the past three or four centuries; and two or three of them in each century occupy a considerable niche in history. We need not go back to the Middle Ages in order to find them. One of the most interesting was, of course, the famous Greatrakes—his name has many variants—who lived in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. He was an Irish soldier who found himself, at the conclusion of a war, without an occupation. Something or other—he himself declared it was a Divine call—led him to set up as healer. After the death of King Charles I, when there was a lapse of the Royal Touch for the

King's Evil, Greatrakes announced that he had been divinely commissioned in a dream, thrice repeated on successive nights, to go and touch the people and cure them. Because this touching was usually accomplished by gently stroking the affected portion of the patient, he came to be known as Greatrakes the Stroker. Many were the cures effected by him, including chronic long-standing cases which had vainly made the rounds of physicians. Greatrakes made a large amount of money out of his practice; and whereas, in the days of the King's Touch, the King's patients were presented with a gold piece, in Greatrakes' practice the gold passed in the opposite direction. For it must not be thought that Greatrakes cured only the ignorant and the supposedly more superstitious classes. Many of the nobility and even educated persons came under his influence, and reported themselves either greatly benefited or completely relieved.

A little more than a century later we find a similar healer in America, though his ambition led him to go to Europe in order that the European countries might benefit by his powers. This was Elisha Perkins of Norwich, Connecticut, who invented what he called tractors—two pieces of metal about the length and thickness of lead pencils, but tapering gradually to a blunt point, with which he used to stroke people. He called his system tractoration. His tractors were supposed in some way to make the therapeutic virtues of electricity available for the cures of human ills. About a generation earlier, Galvani had discovered that if two pieces of metal in contact touched the exposed nerve and muscle of a frog's leg, twitchings resulted. There had been much discussion of the significance of this phenomenon; and one theory was that electricity in some way was an equiva-

lent of, or very closely related to, nerve force, or perhaps even to vital force itself. Perkins claimed to make Galvani's discovery available for the cure of human diseases by supplying through electrical energy for the vital force lacking in the diseased part. It was not long before he made a series of cures of chronic ills that had long resisted other efforts. An investigation was made by physicians, who declared that there was no energy, electrical or other, in Perkins' tractors; and he took advantage of this declaration to announce that physicians were jealous of his success, and feared he would take all their patients away. Having made a great success in his little American town, Perkins sighed for more worlds to conquer, and so he set out for Europe. The country selected as the next scene of his labors was Denmark. It has always been a mystery why Dr. Cook (of Arctic exploration fame) and Dr. Perkins both went to Copenhagen to obtain the first confirmation of their discoveries. They both did, however, and the event proved their perspicacity.

After success in Copenhagen, Perkins proceeded to London, where he was equally lucky. His first feat there was the cure of a Duke and a Duchess. So many patients followed that it became impossible for Perkins to accommodate them all. He sold his tractors for others to use at £10 a pair, a considerable sum of money in those days, the tractors costing at most but a few pence to make. Moreover he established in London a sort of rival of the Royal Institution and a competitor of the orthodox medical and surgical societies. Then came the return to America in order to exploit the European reputation. When he landed in New York an epidemic of smallpox was raging in Philadelphia, at that time the largest city in the United States; and Perkins, confident

that his tractors would prevent disease as well as cure it, went over to that city. I feel quite sure that he thoroughly believed in his own tractors, and was convinced he had lighted on a wonderful natural force which did actually supply lacking energy to human beings. And it is when healers believe in themselves that they produce the most wonderful results. Poor Perkins, however, after making a sensation in Philadelphia, caught smallpox himself, and died of it. That was the end; and now the tractors are to be seen only among other curiosities in a few museums.

Greatrakes and Perkins both produced their effects by influencing their patients' minds. Perkins himself, and those whom he healed, doubtless thought that electricity or magnetism was an intermediary, and the direct therapeutic agent; whereas subsequent investigation showed there was absolutely no electrical energy of any kind exhibited by the tractors. Greatrakes effected his cures simply because people came to believe his declaration that he had a Divine commission to heal them; and perhaps he believed that himself. If he did, then no wonder there were so many cures. All that is necessary in the history of mankind to have cures is that certain patients shall be made to believe that here at last is some force that will make them better. Then at once a great many of them get better of diseases often baffling the physicians.

Between these two, Greatrakes and Perkins, a century or so apart, there had come a number of other healers, who had cured a great many people of a great many ills by methods subsequently proved not to have any physical effect. The two best known are Pfarrer Gassner and Mesmer. The career of Pfarrer Gassner, of Elwangen, began after he had observed certain cures that were being effected by the

well-known Jesuit astronomer and mathematician, Father Maximilian Höll, in Vienna. Father Höll, whose memory has been ably vindicated by Simon Newcomb from certain aspersions cast on his scientific accuracy and sincerity, found in the course of some experiments, that apparently the application of magnets relieved people of ills. After a time he made the magnets in the shape of the organs that were affected, and worked some wonderful cures. It was supposed that these magnets affected the magnetic condition, and hence the vitality, of the body. Above all, in this as in all other experiences of the kind, sufferers were cured of chronic pains and aches and of long-standing muscular disabilities. After seeing Father Höll's results, Father Gassner tried the same means with similar success, but soon discovered that he could effect the same cures more simply. He asked patients to make a good confession and to put all the evil of life far away from them, and, in return, he promised them a cure. A great many cures of what seemed physical ills followed. Father Gassner then evolved the theory, strangely like the basic principle of present-day Christian Science, that all evil, physical as well as moral, was not from God, but from the Powers of Evil. When, therefore, persons put off once and for all the moral evil in them, and were purged from sin completely, their physical evil dropped from them because the Power of Evil had no part in them. Only good came from God. Sickness and suffering, if not directly from the devil, were at least connected in some way both with original sin and the actual sins of the individuals. Purgation from sin then meant the cure of all sickness. The Christian Scientists deny that there is any such thing as evil. That, they say, is only an error of Mortal Mind, with at least hints that there are extraneous

powers of evil in some way associated with it. As pointed out by Professor Münsterberg, Christian Science is scarcely more than a revival of the theories of this old German mystic.

Needless to say, the attention of ecclesiastical authority was soon attracted to his teaching, and it was not countenanced. Father Gassner was forbidden to continue his work on any such false basis. He seems to have submitted to the Church authorities, though a great many people regarded the cures as representing the blessing of Heaven on his activities. Both the sets of manifestations, those of Father Höll in Vienna and Parrer Gassner in Erlangen, remain as examples of the influence of the mind on the body in the curing of even chronic ills.

The next famous healer, Mesmer, was a very different sort of man, though he too received his inspiration from the therapeutic work of Father Höll in Vienna. Mesmer graduated at the University of Vienna in the Medical Department shortly after the middle of the Eighteenth Century. He saw Father Höll's cures; and, resolving to emulate them, settled down in Paris as a suitable place for the exercise of his art. Owing to the fact that the word Mesmerism came afterwards to be used for what we call hypnotism, there has been some confusion as to what Mesmer did for his patients, and how he effected his cures. Apparently Mesmer never put his patients into the hypnotic sleep. That practise came in a little later with one of his disciples, De Puysegur. What Mesmer tried to use was just such an electrical or magnetic power as Father Höll was applying in Vienna, or Elisha Perkins in Norwich, Copenhagen and London.

Mesmer's patients were seated around a tub containing, immersed in fluid, a series of bottles, filled with metallic fragments, out of which proceeded wires, distributed to the pa-

tients who sat around the room. This tub, with its bottles, was called a *baquet* or battery. Mesmer, after the patients had sat for some time, subjected to the influence of this battery—which electrically was *nil*—came into the room dressed in the garb of an Eastern seer; and, while soft music was played, and Eastern perfumes diffused, touched with his wand the members of the circle intent on their cure. Thereupon, the various hysterical manifestations took place, cries, tremors, convulsions, and the like, in the midst of which their pains and aches dropped from the sufferers like magic, and muscular disabilities disappeared as if by miracle. As Mesmer claimed to be exercising electrical effects, and his work was producing a great sensation in Paris, an investigation of his apparatus and methods was made by a committee appointed by the French Academy of Sciences. At the moment, Benjamin Franklin was in Paris as the Ambassador from the American Colonies, and he served on this committee of investigation. They pronounced Mesmer's apparatus to be totally devoid of electrical effects; and, as a consequence, he was forbidden to practise with it further. There is no doubt now that whatever effect was produced by Mesmer was mental, not physical. His place in the history of science is due to the fact that he attracted attention to what came to be called animal-magnetism, because there was supposed to be some mysterious force which flowed into patients, supplied the vitality in which they were lacking, and thus brought about their healing. Animal-magnetism had its beginning probably with Father Höll's experiments in Vienna; but, after Mesmer's time, the use of apparatus was eliminated, and it was supposed that one person could influence another, and that certain people had a larger store than

others of personal magnetism or magnetic vitality to dispense. They could transfer it when they willed to do so to others in a properly receptive condition.

Of healers, we have had in our own time some very typical examples. Probably the best known was Alexander Dowie, an uneducated but strong-minded man of exaggerated egoism, who claimed to be Elijah returned to earth. Dowie himself boasted that by the touch of his hand he had cured 200,000 people. Remember that this was not in the Eighteenth or the Seventeenth Century, and not at all in the Middle Ages, but at the end of the Nineteenth and the beginning of the Twentieth Century; and the people cured were readers of newspapers—several editions every day—users of telephone and telegraph, of trolley cars and express trains. Many thousands of them were evidently not fools from a practical standpoint; for they were possessed of considerable sums of money, which they were quite willing to transfer to their benefactor. Indeed, many of them went to live with him in a city which he founded not far from Chicago—Chicago above all places—called Zion. People came from all over the country to be touched by him, and as the phrase "to touch a man" has come to mean, in American slang, to get money from him—Dowie touched them very effectively. Even Eddyism (for it is neither Christian nor scientific, so why talk of Christian Science?) has no place for poverty among the ills of mankind. That, too, is an error of mortal mind, so cures are rather for those who are able to pay the healers' fees.

What is amazing about these cures for a great many people is the fact that almost without exception they relieve pain. Now pain is ordinarily considered to be such a strictly physical manifestation, such a state of

actual disturbance of tissues, that only something physical and having a strong bodily influence is supposed to be able to cure it. As a matter of fact nothing is so illusory in medical practice as pain. It is perfectly possible to hear a thoroughly well-meaning patient complain of suffering torture who is really laboring only under some slight discomfort that other people bear without a murmur, or at least with only a very slight disturbance of their peace of mind. If a patient is so situated as to have nothing to do but think of a discomfort that is present, as, for instance, when one is bedridden from some chronic disability or ailment, from cancer or the like, then he or she, and above all she, has but little diversion from constantly disturbing thoughts, so that even a slight pain may become unbearable. Two things happen when even a very moderate discomfort is dwelt on. First, the mental attention to the affected part sends more blood to it and makes it more sensitive. This is a protective provision of nature, so that whenever special attention is called to a part of the body, that region, by dilation of the capillaries through the vasomotor nerves, becomes ready to react without delay to any irritation. The phenomena of blushing show how readily these nerves are affected. Secondly, with the concentration of attention, more and more of the cells of the sensory portions of the brain become occupied with this uncomfortable sensation. Under ordinary circumstances a bodily sensation over a small area would disturb a few thousands of cells. When concentration of attention occurs, millions of cells may become occupied with this unpleasant feeling; and then it is easy to understand that it may rise to the plane of a veritable torment. Anything that causes diversion of mind will bring relief. This is the secret of our cancer-

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cures. A new one is introduced every year or less, with the declaration that at least, if it does not cure the cancer, it relieves the patient's pain. This is a great, if a temporary, blessing; and wide recourse is had to the new remedy, practically always with success at first. Cancer is supposed to be a very painful condition, and it actually has much pain associated with it; and yet in the past twenty years, to my own knowledge, the pains of it have been relieved by literally dozens of remedies which subsequently have been found ineffectual, and often prove to have almost no physical effect. Cancer patients readily become self-centered; and, if they once come to realize the hopelessness of their condition, sink into an acutely sensitive state. Any remedy employed for them which arouses new hope at once, therefore, relieves their pain by affording them something to think about besides the fatal termination to which they are tending, and over which they are constantly brooding.

Occupation of attention will neutralize even very severe pains. The extent to which it may go is indeed surprising. I once saw a woman who had been in a theatre fire-panic in which over a hundred people lost their lives; and when she got out she rejoiced over the fact that she was uninjured, though one of her ears had actually been pulled off in the scuffle for exit. In the excitement of the present war, as in every other war, men receive even very severe wounds without knowing it. Mr. Roosevelt, one remembers, was shot by a crank at a railroad station some years ago, and the bullet penetrated four inches of muscle and flattened itself on a rib, having been fired at point-blank range; and yet he knew nothing of being hit until the blood came oozing through his coat, more than five minutes later. Thus the severity of pain depends mainly

on the mental state. The cure of even severe pain through mental influence is not only possible, but even easy, and rather frequent. Words mean a great deal in the matter. Thomas, in the trenches, is a true philosopher when he calls the enemy's hottest fire merely "unhealthy." The boy who is going through football training does not complain of pains and aches; all he calls them is soreness and stiffness, and that makes all the difference in the world. Soreness and stiffness must be worked off, pains and aches must be cured. Simple as is the psychology and the medical significance of this explanation, it constitutes the most important basis of thought for the understanding of many supposed mysteries of the influence of the mind on the body.

With this understanding of healers, it is easy to follow Lord Sandwich's book of cures. Many of the cases of his healing powers are just exactly the sort that were cured by Greatrakes in the Seventeenth Century; by Father Höll, with his magnets in Vienna, in the Eighteenth Century; by Father Gassner, with his theory of sin and physical evil being concomitants, a little later; by Mesmer with his battery, and Perkins with his tractors, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century; and by Dowie, through faith in his declaration that he was Elijah returned to earth, or by confidence in poor insane Schlatter, who proclaimed himself a new Christ, in the Twentieth Century. It was not that these men had any special power to heal; but it is certain that people will not release the energies able to bring about in themselves the cure of states of discomfort, *dis-ease*, and even crippling, until some strong outer impression is made on their minds. They actually inhibit their own curative powers by dreads and fears, and the consequent disuse of muscles, and the lack of air

and of exercise, and as a consequence hamper circulation and lessen vital reaction, so that they stay ill in spite of nature's recuperative power. Just as soon as the brake that they have placed on their tendency to get better is removed by a strong mental impression, they resume more or less normal habits, and it is not long before they are completely restored.

If we are to have evidence for spiritual healing, in contradistinction to mental healing, which is to carry weight, then we must be referred to a different class of cases from those we have discussed. The cures must affect definitely physical conditions. It is true that in many of these cases we have been discussing there is an underlying physical element, but it is one of no great importance. But cures that are to have a validity as representing spiritual interposition must take place with regard to ills that have not been cured by the curious healers and by the many new-fangled remedies, which have subsequently failed. Evidence must be adduced of the enduring cure of pathological conditions of very definite organic basis, whose betterment can be demonstrated, not merely by the effect upon the patient's feelings, but by actual physical results that can be seen in the patient's tissues. Are there any such cures? Personally, I am convinced that there are, and not a few of them. Most people, and under that term I include even most physicians, brush aside such cures as those at Lourdes, and declare that they are merely of "nervous cases" or imaginary affections, or of patients with slight ailments but exaggerated symptoms, exactly corresponding to those that have been cured by the healers of secular history. Such doubters have no real knowledge of the cases that are the subject of the cures at Lourdes. The records show (see Jörgenson and Belloc) on the average

one hundred and fifty cures a year at Lourdes, and more than half of these are of tuberculous processes. Lupus, which is an external form of tuberculosis, with chronic, often rather deep, ulcerative processes, is, after lasting for many years, cured in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Leg ulcers, of years' standing—and physicians know well how obstinately intractable these are almost as a rule—are cured in a single day. Lupus, to recur to the most frequent of the striking cures at Lourdes, usually affects the face, and its serious destruction of tissue can be plainly seen. There is no room for illusion or delusion when cures take place rapidly and at times without scarring. While, at Lourdes, some fifteen years ago, I saw one of these cases of lupus that had lasted for years healed in the course of twenty-four hours. I felt that this should be reported; and then found that similar cases had been, and were being reported each year. I have often referred to it in writing on psychotherapy for the medical profession. Almost needless to say, I know nothing physical, and nothing that could be called merely psychic, that would produce such an effect. We physicians have sought cures for lupus most zealously. Koch's tuberculin, Finsen's ultra-violet light, the X-rays, radium, all the new things in advancing science, have been each lauded in succession as a cure for lupus; and, while in some cases they have done good, in most cases they have failed. Even these marvelous discoveries of physical science, which represent wonderful advances in our knowledge of the exhibition of physical energy, have not worked cures except after long and repeated applications. Yet, as I have said, rapid lupus cures are frequent at Lourdes.

No one knows better than I that tuberculosis is eminently amenable to

suggestion. For tuberculosis of the lungs we have a new cure at least once in six months, because anything, literally anything, that is given to consumptive patients and produces in them the feeling that now they ought to get better, will bring about at least temporary improvement. The most significant expression of modern medicine with regard to tubercular disease is, "tuberculosis takes only the quitters," that is, it takes those who give up and who have not the courage to face their condition and to eat and live out in the air. Mental influence has much to do with it then; and, owing to the toxic influences to which such patients are subjected by the absorption of certain materials from their lesions which give rise to their characteristic *spes phthisica*, noted long ago by Hippocrates, they are in a state highly susceptible to suggestion.

Mr. Rhodes, in *Mind Cures*, cites the description of some instances of the quick cure of lupus at Lourdes from the *British Medical Journal*: "The sudden healing of a face destroyed by lupus—in one case with, in another without, scarring; facts vouched for by Boissarie and Huysmans, who saw the patients—is altogether outside ordinary experience." Mr. Rhodes has a further paragraph in which he quotes Sir Henry Butlin, a President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a man who has devoted special attention to this whole subject of the influence of the mind on the body. One, at least, of his papers on spiritual healing was published by the *British Medical Journal*. Mr. Rhodes' quotations from him show that he dismissed the idea that such cures might be due merely to strong suggestion. In answer to the objection, "It may be said that the cures at Lourdes, are the result of 'suggestion' more potent than that aroused by medical treatment"; he said that, "even if it was possible to

explain all the steps through which the emotion had produced the cure, the recoveries were sometimes so marvelous that how can we be surprised if the people fall on their knees before God and bless His Holy Name for the miracle which He has wrought?"

Strange as it may seem, crippling and inability to use certain muscles are very frequently due to subjective conditions and not to objective changes in the muscular apparatus. For some reason muscles have been put at rest, have atrophied somewhat—they always do when not normally used—and now the patient must push through a period of uncomfortable use of muscles in order to get back for them their function. Some people will not do this except under the influence of a strong mental impression. They will never be cured, then, by any but mental means; and so we have a number of sciaticas, lumbagos, and the like, that are waiting for a particular kind of healer. On the other hand, there are certain cases with objective symptoms readily recognizable, real pathological conditions in tissues, which are cured by spiritual influence. We do not know, so far as medical knowledge goes, what the mechanism of the cure is; we simply know that it takes place contrary, both in manner and form, to all our experience, and that the fair-minded observer has to confess that there is some power at work he cannot understand. Anyone who knows, and does not merely theorize, about the cures at Lourdes will find them of that type. They are not like the cures of Christian Science, nor those of other fads, nor those of healers. They represent real miracles in our day.

The work of Father Raymond on *The Spiritual Director and Physician* with its secondary title of *The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples*, emphasizes the distinction between mental and spiritual healing,

and brings out what can be accomplished by mental persuasion and suggestion for the cure of various ills and, on the other hand, for what ills recourse must be had to prayer and the Divine Assistance. It might possibly be expected that the Chaplain to the famous Kneipp Institute at Woerishofen, in Bavaria, would appeal very largely to such physical means as exercise, diet, bathing and the other natural modes of cure, in the organization of which the late Father Kneipp obtained his world-wide reputation. Father Raymond, however, makes it very clear how much can be accomplished by correcting false notions, neutralizing unfortunate suggestions, implanting proper persuasions, though at the same time he dwells on the value of prayer, submission to the will of God, and spiritual means generally, in the treatment of the pure neuroses, the psychoneuroses, the psychasthenias, and other functional pathological conditions which have proved so difficult a subject for the physician in recent years.

The quotation he makes from Professor Raymond and Janet emphasizes one source of the increase of nervous disorders, which is usually overlooked, and which one would scarcely expect to find dwelt on by the Salpêtrière School. Raymond and Janet say that "the abandonment of confession may easily lead to a condition of anxious unrest." They had previously declared that "confession acts upon all these states of despondency like a healing balm to pacify troubles and quicken dying hopes." They are very much inclined to think that, since it is good for the patients who are suffering from morbid obsessions and states of anxiousness, it has a special application, not to nervous patients alone, but to all the world; for "where is the man or woman who does not pass through periods of depression or bitterness," in

which an opening of the soul under such impressive circumstances as are connected with confession may be of very great value? It would be startling to many, but yet not surprising to those who know, if most nervous specialists
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should come to recognize the precious value of religious observances and deep abiding faith, not only for the cure, but above all for the prevention, of nervous and mental pathological conditions.

James J. Walsh.

THE FICTIONS OF FORSTER.*

My subject deals with John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," a book which holds pride of place, wrongly I think, as the leading authority on the author. The fictions of which I complain are sins of omission. The biography fails in nearly all of the elements which are essential to the true record of a man's life. It lacks the personal note; it conveys no adequate idea of character; and throughout, it portrays Dickens the author rather than Dickens the man. And it is the man who is the most interesting, for the works themselves are amply informative regarding the author.

As I must deal bluntly with some of the unamiable characteristics of Dickens, I shall anticipate at once two groups of possible critics. To those who would cry out, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, I will say, "Then forego the claim that Dickens is immortal!" To those who would say, "It is with the writings we are concerned, not the writer!" I will reply, "Then stop the writing and circulation of biographies!" I will not be bound or limited by what is in any book simply because it is called a biography. If I am not satisfied, I shall seek further and strive to satisfy myself.

My chief complaint about Forster's Life is that it has hardly any atmosphere or light and shade. It is a long tedious avenue of adulations through a desert of dates. Various persons of no

importance say how they met Dickens at school; shook hands with him; saw him buy a penny paper, etc. Then there is a plethora of letters written by Dickens, in which the personal pronoun I stands out, as Mr. Kipling once put it, "like the telegraph poles along a railway line." As for dates, they are the boresome basis of the book. There are dates of births, deaths and marriages; dates when novels were begun and when they were ended; dates when travels commenced and when they finished, and so on, until one becomes as weary of dates as a schoolboy. To anybody who has read the works of Dickens and their prefaces, Forster's Life is a mere excrescence. It simply puts a halo around Dicken's head, a harp in his hand, and makes wings sprout from his shoulders. We develop love for a man who is presented to us as being humanly imperfect; but we grow hatred for a pedestaled person who is always presented as being a paragon. Recently a statue of Captain Cook was unveiled at St. Kilda, and next morning, after the oration, the cheers and the beers, the figure was seen to be bearing in its hand a battered bell-topper. Whoever placed it there was an opportune scoffer at a display of temporary enthusiasm, which, for the time being, transformed a naval sounding officer into a colossal Christopher Columbus. Forster, "the infallible Forster," as he was known, wrote the life too soon after Dickens's death. He put too much halo around

*A Paper read before the Dickens Fellowship, at Melbourne.

his hero, and not enough battered tall-hat.

Carlyle, in that high-falutin' style of his, which now only deceives the very young, compared Forster's *Life of Dickens* with Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. He wrote:—

"I incline to consider this Biography as taking rank, in essential respects, parallel to Boswell himself . . . you have performed a feat which, except in Boswell, the unique, I know not where to parallel." This judgment has always surprised me. Of course, Carlyle could not discuss a flea on a dog's back without enlarging upon the crimes and enormities of the insect world, and the long-suffering of the canine community. We must always discount his statements. But this comparison of Forster's with Boswell's *Life* is so absurd that it deserves to be discounted to the disappearing point. It is palpably ridiculous.

Boswell certainly panegyricized his hero to the point of worship; but, at the same time, he just as certainly painted him with all his warts. Forster did not paint Dickens with even a freckle. Boswell sometimes bores you with Johnson's conversation. Forster was candid enough to say that Dickens had no conversation, and so he escaped the responsibility of recording any at all. That is, he avoided writing anything of Dickens which was not good. Boswell, on the other hand, wrote both what was good and bad about Johnson and, even, sometimes, took a sort of impish delight in recording the bad. He faithfully related Johnson's statement that he would not drink in company because he did not want others to see the effects upon him. He narrated all Johnson's quarrels, superstitions and other weaknesses, and told the story of the great man taking taproom ladies on his knees and listening to the stories of their lives. Whenever Johnson was

snubbed, Boswell jotted down the circumstances, and this is what he wrote of his lion at feeding time:—

I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said of others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that while in the act of eating the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self command.

Now Mr. Forster never says of Dickens anything approaching that! It was only when I read Mr. Teignmouth Shore's monograph that I discovered that "Dickens's taste in eating turned towards tripe and to fried liver and bacon!" Why couldn't Forster relate an interesting trifle of this sort? It was because he was, as Douglas Jerrold said of him when he compared him to a thick stump of pencil and said, "Hullo, here is the exact counterpart of John Forster, short, thick and full of lead!" No wonder, too, that Wilkie Collins described Forster's work as "the life of John Forster with occasional anecdotes of Charles Dickens."

Boswell describes Johnson's interview with King George as one of dignified conversation upon Literature. Forster describes the interview of Charles Dickens with Queen Victoria as one of commonplaces. I had to consult another writer to find that Queen Victoria opened with a remark about the weather. Then she expressed the opinion that "we had no good servants in England as in the olden

times." The price of provisions, the cost of butcher's meat, and bread, were next lightly touched upon, and so the conversation rippled on agreeably to an agreeable end. Queen Victoria then presented him with a copy of the *Journal in the Highlands*, and received in return a complete set of Dickens's own works! Later on, Dickens attended a *levée* in a cocked hat and with a sword, details which Forster omits to mention.

Those things are only trifles, but I now propose to deal with a very grave omission in Forster's life, which does a great injustice to a good woman, wife and mother—Mrs. Charles Dickens. Forster refers to her just about a dozen times, and then in so cursory and almost apologetic fashion as to be very nearly contemptuous. They are nearly all remarks made by Dickens in his letters such as "Kate cries dismally if I mention the subject of going to America"; "Kate has a horribly bad face-ache"; "Kate has so bad a sore throat that she is obliged to keep to her bed"; "I have still a horrible cold and so has Kate."

Forster does not even describe what Mrs. Dickens was like, and I have been at some pains to fill the deficiency. From an American source, I find she was "a pretty little woman with the heavy-lidded, large blue eyes so much admired by men. The nose was a little *retroussé*, the forehead good, the mouth small, round and red-lipped, with a pleasant smiling expression, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes. The weakest part of her face was the chin, which melted too suddenly into the throat." Another writer, who met her in America, said she was "a large woman, having a great deal of color, and rather coarse, but she has a good face and looks amiable—she wore a pink silk dress, trimmed with a white flounce." A Miss Clarke, an American lady, described

her as "a plump, rosy, English, handsome woman, with a certain air of absent-mindedness, yet gentle and kindly," while Chief Justice Lewis of Philadelphia thought she was "good looking, courteous, and plain in her manners, but rather taciturn." Other writers describe her variously as "sweet-natured"; "a typical crinoline, early Victorian woman"; "a kind good woman"; "a domestic wife." I especially mention these things because Forster leaves them out.

But Forster did not adequately describe Charles Dickens himself. His references to his personal appearance, references which should not only have been interesting, but of historical value,—are flimsy and unsatisfactory. Just as deficient are the details given of disposition, deportment, and dress. Even the daily habits of Dickens are slurred over. Indeed, Forster practically only tells us what Dickens had already told us himself in his letters and minor works. Even in my restricted survey of the Dickens literature, for the purposes of this paper, I have been able to largely supplement Forster. For instance, in 1842, Longfellow described Dickens as "a gay, free and easy character, with a fine bright face, blue eyes, and long dark hair," while a Cincinnati lady wrote of him that "he is young and handsome, has a mellow, beautiful eye, fine brow and abundant hair. His manner is easy, negligent, but not elegant. His dress was foppish. In fact, he was overdressed. Yet his garments were worn so easily, they appeared to be a necessary part of him." Finally, as to his physical features, Carlyle wrote of him that he was "a fine little fellow. Clear blue intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a small compact figure, very small"; while George Eliot's record of her impressions in 1852, was "his appearance is

certainly disappointing, no benevolence in his face, and, I think, little in the head . . . in fact, he is not distinguished looking in any way, neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor short."

Dickens's taste in dress seems to have struck all observers like a streak of lightning. Mr. Putnam, the publisher, in his memoirs writes "that at a reading by Dickens in New York, 1867, he bore away in his mind the picture of a purple velvet waistcoat with a mass of heavy watch-chain extended across both sides." The artist Frith records that "Dickens arrived at the studio in a sky-blue overcoat with red cuffs." Frith protested and Dickens replied, "Ah well, you know I am very fond of color." Frith's daughter got the impression that he was all "gold chain and pin and an enormous tie." Out of doors, he wore a white hat and carried a formidable stick in his left hand. Then Miss Friswell pictures him as "a gaily dressed gentleman, his bright green waistcoat and vivid scarlet tie, anyone would have noticed, but the size of his nosegay in his buttonhole riveted my attention." His love of color in dress was evidently a joke among his friends, for Wilkie Collins, on being asked by an artist what he should do with a gorgeous piece of stuff which had been sent to him, exclaimed, "Oh, send it to Dickens. He will make a waistcoat of it."

George Augustus Sala likened the general appearance of Dickens to "some prosperous sea captain home from a sea voyage; a good portrait of a Dutch privateer after having taken a capital prize; an energetic Dutch admiral." Sala also said of him that "he was one of the few men whose individuality was not effaced by the mournful conventionality of evening dress."

So much for Dickens and dress. You will find nothing of what I have re-

counted mentioned in *Forster's Life*. I will make just a few observations on the omissions of Forster as to the disposition of Dickens.

While the temperament of Dickens appears to have been naturally buoyant and vivacious, there is no doubt that in later years it became soured by sickness and depressed by domestic worry. But making all this allowance, there remains much evidence that Dickens was by no means that genial and generous debonair Bohemian suggested by his own writings and emphasized by Forster. In Paul's "History of Modern England," it is bluntly stated that "although he loved to storm the strongholds of Philistinism, he was something of a Philistine himself." In the "English Men of Letters," Sir A. W. Ward declared, "The charm of Dickens vanishes as soon as he becomes self-conscious . . . a striving after effect is sometimes perceptible . . . he is so intent upon proving himself a sound Radical that his vehemence all but passes into a shriek."

I am somewhat dubious in quoting the opinion on Dickens of Dr. John Brown, who, as far as I can find, is noted for disquisitions on dogs. He wrote so bitterly to John Ruskin in 1873 that I cannot think there was no underlying explanation. But Forster does not mention it, and that is my excuse. Forster, as usual, when he wishes to safeguard his hero, leaves the thing out. This is a striking sin of omission, which tends to make his *Life* a tissue of fictions, when it should be a tell-tale of facts. This is what Dr. Brown wrote to Ruskin of Dickens:

My reasons for saying Dickens was hard hearted are:—

"First, my personal knowledge of him many years ago, and my seeing then his intense adamant egotism; secondly, the revelation of his nature given so frankly in his friend Forster's huge and most exaggerated *Life*."

He adds that "Forster is a 'heavy swell' and has always been to me offensive. He has no sense or faculty of humor, and is, as the boy called him, a 'harbitrary cove.'" In the finish, Dr. Brown sums up Dickens as a man "Softest outside, hardest at the core."

After that scathing quotation, I should say something more amiable, but still too personal for Forster to insert. We are told that Dickens spoke with a slight lisp; that his conversation was genial; he hated argument; he was unable to argue—a common case with impulsive characters; he was a temperate man. All these things are omitted from Forster, who was considered, even by his contemporaries, as being unfitted to write the life of any man. Sergeant Ballantine said, "Forster's temper was not a very comfortable one to deal with."

The silences of John Forster are really appalling. I have gone through the Greville Memoirs; Gissing; Harrison; Henley; Langton; Marzials; Ward; Chesterton and Dean Hole, among others, to compile this collection. One letter to Dean Hole from Dickens should have been known to Forster. In it, the novelist said "Shocked by the misuse of the private letters of public men . . . I destroyed a very large and very rare mass of correspondence." Surely a very commendable act! But that is Forster. He omits the good and the bad. There
The Dickensian.

is no reference to Dickens's quarrel with John Leech; hardly any to his generosity to Leigh Hunt. In short, Forster's Life is a lamentable failure as a biography of a truly great man.

I have not used half of my material. The work of gathering it has been a pleasure. It has shown me that there is a quite different Dickens from the prig portrayed in Forster's pages, a more human, a more lovable Dickens! It has proved to me that the material exists for the preparation of quite a different Life altogether. But great as the material is, there is more to be had. The contemporaries of Dickens are, however, passing away and the new biographer should lose no time.

Charles Dickens cannot be handed down to history as a man unless his Life is written by a man. It is all very well to tell us that Dickens was always full of rollicking fun, exuberance and animal spirits. But no man can go through life all the time like a clown in a circus or a pantomime. There must be some occasions when he disappears behind the scenes. Forster seldom relates them. He tells us that Dickens was brilliant, affectionate, indignant at the wrongs of the workers and the poor, intolerant of sham and cant, a redresser of grievances and a reformer in every sense; in short, that Charles Dickens was a saint. What we want is a biographer who will come along and candidly admit that Charles Dickens once in a while said, "damn!"

John B. Castieau.

THE REARGUARD.

All day long Papa Laval had been wandering about the streets of the little town, listening restlessly to the distant thunder of the guns, questioning eagerly the first of the fugitive peasantry who came streaming through in their flight towards safety. Papa

Laval with his one arm and his cripple leg and his tales of '70-'71 was naturally an authority on matters of war, and his fellow-townsmen listened deferentially to all he had to say about affairs. Papa was scornful of the first tales the fugitives told of a German

victory and an Allies' retreat; but the first rumble of heavy transport wagons through the cobbled streets in the middle of the night brought him quickly from his bed and down the narrow stairs to find out what it meant. He could learn nothing much because the transport drivers were English, could only take some comfort from the calm with which they steered through the crowded street, laughed and called jokes which none understood down to the staring townfolk. But Papa had seen too much of war not to understand the meaning of the swelling tide of transport, to mark as the light grew the jaded horses and the sleep-worn looks of the drivers. His dismay grew when the khaki regiments began to flood through after the toiling transport, while out behind them the growling thunder of the guns rolled louder and louder.

And by noon he was in utter despair. The streets through the town was by then choked from end to end with a seething mass of men and cattle and vehicles, military transport and ammunition wagons, soldiers, old peasant men and boys, women with children clutching their skirts or wailing in their arms, country carts piled with bedding and furniture, squealing pigs and squawking leg-tethered poultry, with huddled clinging old crones and round-eyed infants. And when Papa was told that the road was blocked in the same way for miles back, that the Germans were coming fast, that the whole army was retiring as fast as it could, he groaned in despair. He watched the slow torrent struggling and scrambling along the choked street, the impatience of the officers and dull apathy of the men in the marching regiments as they progressed a few yards and halted for the head of the column to clear a way; and he pictured to himself visions of a squadron of Uhlans swooping down on the crowded road back there and the

havoc they would make in the packed masses under their lances.

About noon he found a new interest and fresh food for thought. A regiment arrived and, instead of pushing on through the town as the others had done, sought billets there and halted. Six men were billeted on Papa Laval, and between the smattering of broken French that one of them spoke and Papa's equally broken English it was possible to hold some conversation and glean some understanding of the recent battle. But the men were too worn out, too dead beat, too utterly fatigued to talk much. They ate and drank and then flung themselves down to sleep, and all that Papa learned was that in truth a big battle had been fought, that the Germans had been held, but that for some reason the English were retreating. Fugitives from Maubeuge direction had told a similar tale of the retreat of the French, and Papa groaned again and wandered out into the street to curse impotently as he watched the struggling tide of fugitives that still poured with desperate slowness through the town. "Perhaps it would be better," he told his daughter at last and very reluctantly, "for you to go away while there is yet time. Not for yourself, but for the sake of the little ones. There will be fighting here, as I see it. This regiment remaining while all the others pass through means a rearguard action, an attempt to cover the retreat of the others. But that is a plan without hope. There is only a handful of men left to hold the town, and they are worn to the edge of exhaustion with marching and fighting. The Germans will attack in force, they will sweep through the town and take the bridge. That no doubt is the plan, and holding the town and the bridge they will sever the English army and the retreat will be a rout. Yes, my child, you had better go now."

But the woman refused to go, to

leave their little house, to drag her children out into the crowded roads on the way to nowhere; and after a little Papa gave up trying to persuade her.

It was a bare four hours after the weary men had found their billets when the alarm came that the enemy were coming. Papa shook his head as he watched the six men in his house rouse slowly and reluctantly, yawn and stretch and rub their eyes. "Four hours," he thought. "Of what use is a little four hours to men exhausted by battle and marching? If it had been eight hours' sleep now, who knows—they say these English are good fighters, and they might have held the town a few hours. But four hours..."

The men themselves took it differently. "That shut-eye done me good," said one. "If I'd a decent wash now I'd be as good as ever."

"Glad we're goin' to 'old 'em up here," said another. "This retreatin' game don't suit me none. I'd sooner stop an' fight it out."

"Dunno wot the blank we retreated for at all," grumbled a third. "They couldn't 'ave pushed us out o' that last position in a month."

"They do say the Frenchies on the right broke," said a corporal, the man with the smattering of French, "an' we had to fall back 'cause they'd left our flank open. Fancy it must ha' been something o' that sort too."

They were hastily buckling on their kits when Papa came in to them. "Cheer up, Daddy," they told him. "We're not letting 'em come any further. But there's goin' to be a scrap here an' you'd better keep your tuppenny tucked well in or you may get hurt by a stray lump o' lead."

"Noos restey ici—compronney?" said the corporal, and Papa nodded his understanding. "Mais not posseebl' for to make victoire," he demurred.

"Anglais ver' few; Allemands plenty, ver' plenty."

"Don't you believe it, Daddy," said the corporal heartily. "Beaucoo Anglaise to stop—halte les Allemons. You'll see," and he got his men together and hurried off.

Papa had to admire the smart and business-like fashion in which the town was set in a state of defence, the houses commanding the roads loopholed, the street entrances blocked with barricades of transport wagons, the men distributed to the various vantage-points. But he had little or no hope of the result, because he saw how few the men were, how they had to be split up into small companies to cover all the many points which might be attacked. It was true that the defenders held the advantage of cover in the houses, but that would avail little against artillery; and the enemy had the advantage of being able to choose their point of attack and mass on it against the weakness of the distributed defense. Papa gave the defence half an hour at most to hold out after the real attack developed. As it happened, he was perfectly right in his surmise that a mere section of the defense would have to bear the full brunt of the attack, although he was quite wrong as to how long they could withstand it.

The attack came soon after the early darkness had fallen.

At first there was a quick rumor running round that a mistake had been made, that it was a French column that was approaching. It may have been this that deceived the defenders into allowing the enemy to come almost to hand-grips before the fighting began, and anyhow it is certain that the first sounds of conflict that Papa heard were not, as he had expected, a long-drawn rapid rifle fire, but one single and then a few scattered shots, shoutings, and the clash of steel on steel. For the moment it looked as if the first rush

was to swamp the defense and break through it, since a seething mass of men fighting fiercely with butt and bayonet eddied slowly back and actually into the street of the town. Rifles began to blaze and bang from some of the upper windows, and then with a wild cheer a rush of khaki swept out from a side street and plunged into the fight. The fresh weight told, and although the defense was still outnumbered by two to one it was the stronger at close-quarter work, and the attack was driven slowly back and back until at last it broke and ran, leaving the street and the road about the outside of the town heaped with dead and wounded.

Papa Laval ran out into the street and began to give what help he could to carry in the wounded British, when he heard a whistling screech and the crash of a shell on one of the outer houses of the town. He ran crouching into the shadow of one of the houses, and presently his straining eyes caught the quick leaping flash of the German piece and another shell hurtled over and burst in a hail of shrapnel about the entrance to the town. Papa ran back, and in a side street found a young officer and a dozen men breaking in the door of a deserted house. Papa guessed their intention, and since the officer fortunately was able to speak French, Papa could tell him a better house to choose, one taller and with a better and more commanding outlook on the point of attack. He led the way to the house and to the upper rooms, and pointed out the best windows, and watched them pile bedding at the windows and break out loopholes in the wall. All the time shell after shell was smashing and crashing down somewhere outside, and now the Germans began to fire star-shells that floated down in a blaze of dazzling light, blinding the defenders and exposing them as visible targets to the hail of bullets

that came drumming and rattling in from their unseen foes.

Then came another fierce rush against the barricaded streets and the rifle fire rose to a full deep-noted roar, punctuated by the crashing reports of the shells and the boom of a gun that began to fire back from somewhere in the town. Down in the street the attack pushed home again to the barricades, and men pulled and dragged at the overturned carts and leaped and scrambled to cross them, and fired in each other's faces; and, where the barricade was gapped for a moment, thrust and stabbed with the bayonet and smashed with the butt and tore and beat at one another, until slowly the attack gave again and the barricade was made good. In the rooms upstairs where Papa Laval was, the men pumped bullets from the loopholes and the windows down onto the struggling mass that pushed into the barricade, until a machine-gun was turned on the house and bailed a storm of bullets back and forward, across and across its front. The storm caught several of the men at the windows, and they fell back killed or badly wounded for the most part. A group of the enemy turned from the barricade, ran across and began beating at the door and the barred and shuttered windows. Half a dozen of the garrison, on a command from the officer, jumped from their loopholes and poured clattering down the stairs, just as a rifle thrust into the lock and fired blew it away and the door swung open. As the Germans rushed in they were met by the men plunging headlong down the stair, and in the passage and about the stair-foot commenced a wild and desperate hand-to-hand scrimmage. Somewhere outside a building had caught fire, and in the dim light reflected into the house-passages from the leaping flames the fighters scuffled and raged, scarcely seeing each other,

stabbing and striking and singling friend from foe by blind instinct. The passage was a pandemonium of shouts and cries and oaths, of trampling scuffling feet, of clashing steel and thudding blows, with every now and then the thunderous report of the officer's revolver reverberating in the confined space. The advantage of numbers was largely with the Germans, but the narrowness of doorway and passage made it difficult for this weight of numbers to come at the defenders and beat them down; and the British were not only holding their own but were even driving the invaders slowly backward, when the sound of rapid blows, the riving and crashing of wood-work, the clash and tinkle of breaking glass told that one of the shuttered windows had been forced.

"Get back! Get back and hold the stair," the officer was yelling; and his men, with one last fierce rush, drove the Germans further along the passage, turned and made good their retreat to the stair-foot. Then when the position looked to be too desperate for hope, there came from outside a burst of rifle fire, a fresh clamor of fighting noises, a hoarse yell of English cheers. A mixed mob of the fighters swirled past the open doorway, and a rush of khaki swung past and licked in after it, followed closely by a line of British swarming across the width of the street and running forward with bayonets at the level. Inside the house the panting remnant of the defense slammed the door shut, piled a tangle of furniture—tables, chairs, chests of drawers—into the passage, busied themselves re-securing the broken window, wedging a big table and the heaviest articles of furniture they could find against it, and making all ready for a renewal of the attack.

But the attack was not again successful in reaching a point level with the house. Another attempt, made

twenty minutes later, succeeded in coming almost level with the house, but it was too fiercely swept by the fire from the barricade, by a tempest of bullets from a couple of machine-guns placed in position in some of the houses commanding the approach, and had to fall back without any result beyond an increase in the piled bodies littered about the street, the wounded crawling and writhing away as best they could out of the line of fire.

The fighting continued throughout most of the night but never reached again the savage ferocity of the first hour, never came within such measurable distance of success for the attack. And at dawn the enemy withdrew and left the defense time to collect its wounded and tally its dead, and make all ready for continuing the fight.

And when Papa Laval came back an hour after to his daughter's house he found her busy making coffee for the corporal and one other man—the only ones left, as it turned out, from the six who had billeted there. The corporal's head was tied up, his sleeve and shirt-sleeve were slit their full length and stained a dull brown from a wound, the red-wet bandage of which showed round his upper arm when the slit sleeve fell back from it.

But he was quite cheerful and turned triumphantly to Papa Laval when he came in. "Wot did I tell you, Daddy? Ici noos restey, eh?"

"You 'ave spik true," said Papa warmly. "Ze Anglais—ah, zey are ze brav mans—mos' brav—magnifique. I no tink it posseebl'—it was not posseebl', but zey do heem, zis imposseebl', and make ze victoire."

"It was a good scrap," assented the corporal modestly. The Frenchman assented warmly after he had had the meaning of "scrap" explained to him.

"Good, good, ver' good," he said. "I, Papa Laval, who have seen much fighting in '70 and '71, say it was ver' .

good. So much Allemands an' so leetle—so not-much Anglais an' so fatigue, so tire they. Ver' much kill, ver' much blessés, what you say wounds, but zey fight on an' zey make victoire. I see ze Anglais tomorrow—no, yesterday—an' I say ze grande armée anglaise is feenish, is defeat. Mais, now I onnerstand heem no defeat, heem yet make ze good fight."

"Oh, we'll make a fight all right when the time comes," said the corporal.

By now the coffee was ready, and the two men drank it hurriedly and ate hastily of the meal the woman set before them. Papa Laval was concerned about this haste. He would have had them sit down and wait till a good breakfast was cooked and then eat it at leisure and in comfort. The corporal shuffled a little uneasily. "You see," he said, "we got to be movin' on. Orders, voo savvy—les instructshions à marche; noos continuey le moshion à la sud."

Papa stared at him in bewilderment. "Mais—zat ees ze retreat," he stammered. "Pourquoi ze retreat après la victoire?"

"Wot's 'e say?" asked the other soldier through a huge mouthful of bread and butter.

"Says why should we bolt again after lickin' the Germans," explained the corporal.

"An' that's exactly wot I wants to know," said the private disgustedly. "We 'as the bloomin' company near wiped out, an' B Company the same, and stands off the attack all right; an' when we've chased 'em off good an' handsome we has to up' stick an' run away again. Bloomin' rot, I calls it."

"Steady on," cautioned the corporal. "You don't want these bloomin' French people to get no wrong notion about our runnin' away. Look 'ere, Papa, it's like this: Up there," he waved his hand towards the north, "we have le grand fight, battle. We
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win, voo savvy, la victoire c'est à noos. I dunno why we retreat after it—je ne comprend pas pourquoi le retreat, but—I mean, mais les instructions they says retreat. (Dashed if I know the French for "they says.") Voo savvy, noos make le retiremong because— (An' I've forgot the word for "because" now! Oh, dash this French language!)"

"I onnerstand, m'sieu," broke in Papa. "The ordaire it is retreat and, parbleu! ze good soldat he obey ze ordaire. Quand ze ordaire ees fight, ze good soldat he fight; eh, is it not?"

"Egg-zackly," said the corporal. "Certimong, Papa."

"Bien," said Papa. "I know you spik true. I have seen ze Anglais fight. Zey are keel, peut-être, mais nevaire—how you say it?—run away. I have seen, and I know. I go now to spik it to ze peoples in la ville who is disconsolate, peut-être, when ze retreat continue."

"That's it, Papa," said the corporal. "An' you tell 'em this army is never goin' to run away. When the order is retreat, we retreat, even though we don't like it. But one day the order will be to advance, an' then we'll show 'em. You tell 'em not to be afraid. The French is bound to win this war. We've come over to see it through with them, an' we're not goin' 'ome till we've chased every dash German back to Germany. You savvy, when the time comes, en avong is the order, an' avong we goes."

It is very doubtful if Papa caught all the meaning of this harangue, but he got the sense of it and the last words at least.

"En avant!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Vivent les Alliés! Vivent les Anglais!"

"If you two 'as finished 'andin' out bookays to each other," said the private, "p'raps you'll ask Madam 'ere if she's got a spare loaf we can put in our 'aversacks. There's the fall-in sounding."

Boyd Cable.

LONDON IN WAR-TIME.

There are things so surprising, so laden with the unknown, that it is hard for the mind to grasp them, and that was how the Great War came to London. It was like the last blast of the last trump, away in the distance, in the beyond somewhere, so that the effect was at first confusing, the sudden unveiling, as it were, of some strange new scene in the pilgrimage of the world. It was awesome, uncanny, because new, something which the imagination alone could explore, and, in the best of us, it tends to "excursions and alarms."

But the incredulous becomes the hard fact, and before long we were talking of "business as usual," which was absurd, because a European war, alike for those involved and for those not involved, could not be business as usual. The cry almost died on tongues as they uttered it, but it did, in spirit, represent the mind of London and of the nation; that, being in a tremendous affair, we meant to conduct ourselves like men. This was the real significance behind it, if the form of expression, as sometimes happens with us, was not wholly happy, and it is the spirit, not the letter of a slogan that matters.

We are a people with deep-rooted customs, and our social life, in particular, is conservative—conservative in its hospitality of virtues, conservative also, perhaps, in its faults. Thus there was a disposition, at first, to let social life go on somewhat as it had been; anyhow, a disposition on the part of some folk—shall we say the brighter, if not the better, spirits of society?—to hang on to the skirts of happy chance. The Americans who had been visiting England in that fated August of 1914—it seems so far away!—were not, however, to be detained by any

will-o'-the-wisp prospect like that. They wanted to get home, and they crowded into London from all the capitals of Europe, remembering that London is the capital of the Island Kingdom from which the great shipping lines go out to their own land. They loved Europe in peace, and they were interested in its century-old relics of war, but they had no desire—small blame to them—to be "held up" during a war which, as the wise, slow-thinking, far-seeing Kitchener had already said, might last for three years. Home those dear Americans went by the shipload, while the big German guns were hacking their way through Belgium; people of our own who had been holidaying somewhere, anywhere in Europe also came tumbling home in overcrowded trains and Channel boats laden to the water-line.

Soon the braiding of the war began to show itself in the streets of London, where the commerce of life runs full and free. Our regular Army, small but fine, had crossed the Narrow Seas almost in a night, but the Territorials came forth in their khaki, and London was striped with it. There seemed, to the eye, a swift springing-up of khaki-clad men in thoroughfare and park, a bustling of them all about the town, a drilling of them, and for weeks the bagpipes of the London Scottish were to play down Westminster way. This was all picturesque, likewise educating, and in London we began to realize that we had never before been embarked on a venture so big, because every day men were making ready to march away, many of them, perhaps, never to come back again. It gave us a new reading of our own old history, a glimpse, through a changed and giant glass, of the times of Marlborough and of Nelson, when England had faced other

Continental wars. The measure of its size in tramping millions, as compared with them, was the measure of its greater call—that and the supreme issues at stake for the welfare of mankind.

The call took a high note when the order went forth to form Kitchener's Army, and London was all activity in response. This appeal to the citizen to hasten to the colors was the predominant fact of days and weeks and months, and nothing could dispossess it. No, not even that wonderful rumor about the Russians who surely passed down through Great Britain like an army of phantoms and vanished again across the Straits of Dover! We talked long and hard, and believed and doubted about those Russians, but the Kitchener bugle took no notice, knowing better. It was blowing, without ceasing, in London; men were rushing to serve; slowly the necessary machine of war grew in the land. We talked to each other of what America was thinking, of what she was going to do, how Italy might range herself, or what would happen in the Balkans, but always we came back to the creation of our new war machine, for was it not to drive home and implement the stroke against Germany which the Grand Fleet had launched the instant war struck? Time passed, as it passes in calm or tumult, and it is hard, looking backward, to count it by the day, the week, or the month, for it seems one long pageant of organization and effort, wherein London Town fell not from its historic traditions.

Darkness descended upon us of nights by order of the military authorities, and this was something uncounted and strange. It even, as the story went, led a man, arriving at some railway station, to kiss his mother-in-law in mistake for his wife. But that was merely a little token of good humor, showing ourselves and others how well

we could settle down to bear the dark nights. We grumbled about them, we thought them unnecessary, and when Zeppelins began to come to England, sowing stark death wherever they could, we realized that at least darkness was something of a shield for us. When the Zeppelins were actually over London we did not take advantage of the dark to hide ourselves, but turned into the open streets and thought ourselves happy if we were fortunate enough to see the grim messengers of the Prussian war-gospel, cigar-like things high up as the eye could reach, with angry, incendiary bombs falling from them, and shells bursting around them.

There was excitement, certainly; there was a certain nerviness; but there was no fear—not among any class of the people. Trains were deranged, buses were stopped, and there was a host of inconvenience; aye, and many people were killed and wounded, but nobody ran away from London next morning—at all events, not many. Everybody was prepared to "stick it," to see even this ordeal through, but to remember it at the end of the business when it came to counting up the score with the enemy. What was it to have a Zeppelin sailing over London, when our men in the trenches over in Flanders and France were lying days on end under a perpetual shower of cruel shells? It was nothing; it was only a small opportunity for us to take a small risk in the war, and, mayhap, comfort ourselves with the thought that we were doing something. But undoubtedly the Zeppelins brought home to London what war means, that it is the most horrible thing conceivable, and that as waged on Prussian principles it is hell let loose on God's earth. Why, there was a taste of brimstone, as from the infernal regions, in the chemicals and explosives which the "Zepps.," as we

had learned to call them, flung down wholesale on our ancient city.

It is a better vision we get as we turn to what happened in the world of London's life and labor when the young, unmarried men had either gone away to fight or gone to prepare themselves to fight. Women came into shops and offices and other light employments whose duties were comparatively fitted for them. That was the first call of the English woman to take the place of the English man, and it rapidly grew in volume. We soon had girls as commissionaires, and quite pretty they looked, some of them, in high-topped boots and peaked caps and mauve coats. We had them working lifts, and eventually, when the older men, even the grey-beards, had filled all the man-like jobs that they could fill, we had them collecting tickets at the railway stations and taking their places on the footboards of the 'buses. It was, indeed, a revolution, the going of the man to fight for his country's cause, the cause also, as we all believe, of the well-being of the world in future, and the woman rising from the fireside, not merely to do her best to fill the empty places, but to fill them well.

Here our glorious ally, France, had set us an example for which she had been better prepared than we were, because the French woman has always taken an intimate share in the business affairs of her country. But in London we did well, adapting ourselves readily to the new situation, and when it came to munition—working women of all ages, classes, and educations simply streamed to it. Their quick intelligence, their nimble fingers, and their courageous temperaments enabled them to do thoroughly work which, in peaceful days, might have been thought over-hard for them. Some, perhaps, earned more money than they could ever have expected to earn, and may be some spent it foolishly until they learned

better, for war-time is laden with lessons, with wisdoms which will not wait, but must be learned at once.

The rise in the cost of living in London carried with it a hard but liberal education. There was plenty in stock of every sort of food, and our mercantile fleets sailed the Seven Seas, thanks to the flowing White Ensign in the North Sea, and they could bring us more of everything. But it was war-time, and war conditions, some of them heroic, some of them selfish, began to press upon the conditions of living. The result was that coal went up, that bread went up, that all the necessities of life went up to a point where the net cost was a quarter more than it had been, and then half as much more. A pretty side of this was the manner in which women, on shopping bent, helped to "carry on" the machine, and helped themselves by carrying their parcels home. You could see, in the great shops, groups of ladies who before would not have soiled their dainty gloves with a parcel, laden like light porters, and quite contented to be so laden. Although that is a small affair, it illustrates the adaptability which London has shown to the demands of the war ever since it commenced. Such adaptability was needed because it became more difficult to get about, trains being fewer and slower, 'buses also fewer and often slower; in fine, there was a constant tightening of the old elasticities of life, particularly on the social side.

Thou shalt not lead an indulgent life with Armageddon raging! The hours for restaurants and public-houses were contracted and contracted, and eventually the swing of London which they represent was compressed into just as little legal time as was thought needful. Of course, people could enlarge the social limit expressed in those short hours, but, broadly speaking, war entertaining came to be based on the idea of

giving warriors home from the front a "good time." They were the heroes of little restaurant parties, of theatre parties, and of jaunts here and there among friends. "Our dear men are home after terrible times in the war," said mothers and wives and sweet-hearts. "Why should we not try to make them forget those times?" It is a perfectly natural, perfectly sweet point of view, and it has only to be stated to be understood. Sometimes people who were making a lot of money out of war-work might be seen, for there was no mistaking them, spending it in a not very beautiful manner. The Christian thing was to suppose that they did not know better, but they jangled a sensitive public opinion, and after a time, as one thought, there was less of that kind of junketing. Everybody understood the killing of the fatted calf for the home-coming soldier or the away-going sailor; nobody could understand the spending of money for spending's sake by people who had happened to strike it in war-work, and healthy opinion set strongly against this. It was not a thing to do, it was not a thing to endure, and while it may not have quite ceased, it has betaken itself to by-paths and ceased to be an affront.

By this time London, ordinarily a roaring Cosmopolis of people, had become an English city, except for its settled foreign population and the officers and officials of Allied countries who were visiting here in connection with the war. You would only have to turn a street in the West End to run against a French uniform, an Italian uniform, a Russian uniform, or even a Serbian uniform, but the men in those uniforms were grave and serious, on war-business bent, like our cousins, the Austral'ans, the Canadians, and the New Zealanders, who had flocked to London by the ship-load in order to help the Old Country.

They have, those soldier men of Greater Britain, made a fine impression on London, alike by their aspect of fitness and by their cheery manners. What a contrast they have been, in their war-like khaki uniforms and their sombrero hats, to the one butterfly who has survived in London during the war—the young Argentine. He has been the single note of abandon to be found "about town," and often he has looked as if he could not find enough to amuse him. He has danced where there has been a trifle of dancing, and he has dined where there has been dining, because the war has been so far away from his native land that it has not disturbed it or him. But somehow one suspected that he was not quite happy, that there was something within his tightly-buttoned, newly-fashioned suit that worried him, something under the patent leather of his boots that pinched, as if he felt himself out of tune with the land in which he happened to be. He did not mean any harm, but he had been accustomed to enjoy himself, and maybe he even felt as if the war had borne a little hard on his enjoyment.

Perhaps this young Argentine, with the dark hair and skin, may have noticed that the waiters of the hotels and restaurants, while they took his liberal "tips," took them with less humility than of aforetime, even with a certain touch of disdain, as if he were a man caught spending money on pleasure while other people were spending their blood. That would be a natural enough feeling behind the iron mask of an English waiter, but he, when of a war age, has long ago been engulfed by its activities. The waiters of Allied countries and war age have also disappeared, and now the restaurants and the hotels are possessed by small armies of young Spaniards, or young Swiss, or young waiters of some other nationality not involved in the

war. Their airs are less grand, although, maybe, their expectations in the way of "tips" remain spacious, and in this complete change of waiter—ever a representative human institution—we have a picture for the least observant eye of the great change in the human face of London which the war has made.

Possibly it reached its full point of change with the coming of universal service, which swept in the lingering civilians. It came by instalments, so to say, itself a rearguard affair, winding up the superb voluntary enlistment of the nation, a glorious fact of the war, as we are entitled to think. Every likely man you saw had for months been wearing his attestation band, almost every likely man had signed on for the hour when he might be needed, but universal service, in a sort of fashion, gathered all this into a concrete, compact fact of impressiveness which could not miss our gaze. It was the final word in the preparation of our human forces for Armageddon, and it was also the final act in changing London, as one speaks of it from a human point of view. It had never been a question of who was going to the war, because all were going who could, if they were needed. Just the order of going was completed by an unemotional, unimaginative stroke of legislation, and that made an end to the speculations of men and women when they were gathered together. There was nothing more to discuss, the road was mapped out, and only the incidents by the way needed to be talked about; perhaps a fresh, direct story of heroism from the battlefield, a not less arresting anecdote of tragedy, or a charming tale of a French Arab soldier. He had been tenderly cared for by an English nurse, who, in turn, was struck down by illness, and, wishing to send her his sympathy, and not being able to write, he got a friend to take her a

sheet of paper with his tears. Our own wounded and sick soldiers have drawn out the hearts of Londoners in a way good for both the soldiers and the Londoners. It has been no empty sympathy, no pretended ministry that has been given those heroes, but the best that heart and care could offer them.

The London of the war has been like a scroll unwinding itself before us. It has been so big, that scroll, and it has moved on so many planes, that few of us have seen it all—perhaps none of us. Therefore it needs not a little, but much, imagination to get anything like a true conception of London as the war has influenced it, even in a degree remade it. Perhaps in what has been said there are suggestions that will help the curious mind to travel backward and outward and onward among the London things which have happened during the war, seeking to grasp their total effect. Great has been the change to the eye, in the life of London during the day, even in the life of London during the night, for the iron note of war has penetrated deep in a physical and scenic sense. But there is another change, a subtler and, if you like, a finer change which has come over London in the greatest war-time of all history—a spiritual change.

She has always been renowned for her patriotic spirit, for her high resolution, for her love of country, and her devotion to its interests. Possibly if we could have known what she was like on great occasions in the great old days of old, we should have found her just as fine spiritually as she has shown herself in this war. We cannot know those things of the past except by the word of history, and it is good to know like things from observation at this season of ordeal. London has become more serious, more definite of purpose, more collective in action. There is a new spirituality in public opinion, a

hopefulness, an optimism, a faith which nothing could withstand. The unimportant trifles which used to seem so important to us all have vanished, because we behold a larger horizon and do not look for the specks on it. We may not forget the troubles of private affairs and the burdens which the war has brought to each and all of us, but we bear them quietly, we carry them as if it were an honor and not a calamity.

The man who bewails personal afflictions, unless they be bereavements, gets little sympathy, let him look for it where he will. Why should he? The personal equation has not the importance it had, and class distinctions have almost gone out of fashion in the swelter of war. Armageddon has made us a democracy in thought, in feeling, and in sympathy, as well as in our institutions. We have to be occupied with our own affairs because it is necessary to live, perhaps to make a living for others, certainly to provide the nation with the sinews for complete victory. Behind those thoughts, those occupations, there lies the great thought of how, when victory arrives, to utilize it for the greatest good of the greatest number of mankind. That means a new faith, *The Fortnightly Review.*

or, rather, a new birth of the old faith which has kept England strong for centuries. It should have a new tenderness, and perhaps the rise of the woman into more activity in every sphere of life will ensure this.

She is a more sensitive vehicle for the expression of tenderness than a man—tenderness and suffering. There is a music of consolation in her voice which one does not expect in that of a man. We hear that voice far more than we did, and we believe that its greater use will not spoil its natural music. Some wise man once said that to keep our women out of our life, as once they were kept out, was to miss half the nation's brain and three parts of the nation's heart. The war has taken care that this is not going to be, and the knowledge should be a consolation to us as we go on fighting by sea and land to a righteous end. Possibly the eye of faith may see the light of that end in the "Summer Time" which has come to London and brought it a larger, longer day. It has been a long, long day to the Tipperary of Armageddon, and it may be very long, but the sun is in the sky, and it is shining on the harbor of our hopes. When we arrive there London and her people will be able to say, "We have done our bit."

James Milne.

BOBS.

BY ONE OF HIS MEN.

As the drear winter days return, the thoughts of the many who loved and revered Lord Roberts, will revert to that gloomy afternoon on which we followed him to his grave beneath the dome of St. Paul's. The modest old soldier had, indeed, wished for a less conspicuous resting place, but, on this point at least, we may rejoice that his wishes were over-ruled.

"Here in streaming London's central roar
Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones forevermore."

As one reads Tennyson's great "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and notes the many passages which seem to apply as truly to Lord Roberts as they did to the Iron Duke one feels a keen regret that no great singer has arisen to do justice to "Bobs." For in him a poet would have found a fitting subject for an ode, inspired not only by praise of his great

deeds as a soldier, but by keen personal regrets for the loss of a friend, pangs such as gave birth to the exquisite pathos which we find in "Lycidas" or "In Memoriam."

The career of Lord Roberts as a soldier is well known; much of it is recorded with military clearness and modesty in his own book, and there is only space here for a few stories illustrative of the career of one who has left us a noble example in every aspect of life, of one who was a model husband, a devoted father, a trusted friend; temperate in all his habits, a sincerely pious Churchman, who did not obtrude, but who never concealed his deeply religious convictions; a servant of the public who "scorned delights and lived laborious days," a man who loved to be loved by others, but faced slander and unpopularity in order that he might warn his countrymen against a danger which his keen sagacity and trained judgment knew to be impending.

"Remember him who led your hosts:
He bade you guard the sacred coasts;
His voice is silent in your council-halls
For ever . . .

. . . Yet remember all

He spake among you, and the man who
spoke:

Who never sold the truth to serve the
hour,

Nor paltered with Eternal God for
power;

Who let the turbid streams of rumor
flow

Thro' either babbling world of high
and low;

Whose life was work, whose language life
With rugged maxims hewn from life.

Who never spoke against a foe,

Whose eighty winters freeze with one
rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on
the right."

One of Lord Roberts' earliest friends was John Nicholson, and in "Forty-one Years in India" he tells us how

grieved he was that he had to march out from Delhi with a column proceeding towards Agra on the morning that Nicholson was buried, so that he was unable to attend his funeral; but I remember reading in the Indian papers that before he left India Lord Roberts, alone and unattended, paid a farewell visit to the grave of John Nicholson, situated in a little cemetery just outside the walls of Delhi Fort.

Lord Roberts possessed in a special degree the power of attracting the love and respect of Orientals. One of the most poignant sketches I have ever read is the description in Professor Morgan's book of a scene on board a hospital ship, where Lord Roberts went to see some Indian soldiers, a few days before his death. The poor fellows, sick, wounded and miserable, thousands of miles from their homes, were roused from their lethargy to fresh hopes and vigor when they knew it was Lord Roberts who had come to see them, and expressed their confidence in victory now that he was come once again to lead them in the field. How proud, and yet how sad, must the aged veteran have felt when he heard such words!

Lord Roberts' friendships were not delicate plants; they survived the trials of time and absence. When he went to Mandalay in 1886 he grasped the fact that if he wished to win the confidence of our new subjects in Upper Burma, we must first win that of the Buddhist priesthood. He persuaded the Indian Government to give a monthly stipend to the Archbishop and two senior bishops in Mandalay. "They showed their gratitude," says Lord Roberts, "by doing all they could to help me, and when I was leaving the country the old Thathana bain (Archbishop) accompanied me as far as Rangoon. We corresponded till his death, and I still hear occasionally from one or other of my Phoonghie friends."

A favorite story is that one which tells of an audience given to Lord Roberts by Queen Victoria, when the country called on him, at the age of sixty-eight, to go out and retrieve the fortunes of our arms in South Africa. "You do not think," asked the gracious Sovereign, "that you are too old for this arduous task? You are not afraid of your health breaking down?" "I have kept myself fit," replied the old soldier, "for the past twenty years in the hope that I might command in such a campaign as this."

Though Lord Roberts inspired his friends and followers not only with respect and confidence but also with strong feelings of personal affection, there was never any idea of undue familiarity on the part of his admirers or loss of dignity on the part of their hero. I remember one day when he stood talking to me, looking one, as he always did, steadily in the eyes, it struck me that there was something in his look that I recognized—something I had seen before. And then it flashed into my mind: it was the look of the lion, calm, dignified, and unaggressive, but with the suggestion, "Nemo me impune lacessit," always behind it.

As I listened to my revered chief pleading the cause of National Service in the House of Lords—as I watched the frail figure and heard the grave and dignified words of his well-reasoned warnings—the lines of Horace about the old Roman General Regulus used to come into my mind:

"Donec labantes consilio patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato."

As the war developed, when Lord French wrote in his dispatches of the steps which he was compelled to take "in the absence of his third Army Corps"; when we had only one Division to send to Belgium in the endeavor to relieve the pressure on Antwerp, one could not help repeating:
The Saturday Review.

"Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli."

"You cannot make new Armies."

These were the last words I ever heard Lord Roberts utter, almost exactly two years ago. They will sound strange to some, for new armies have apparently been made. But as Sir William Robertson said recently, "We must remember that it took us two years to begin." That is the point. Lord Roberts never said that, given all the money that was needed, with the whole nation supporting the War Office, and spurred to great and ever greater efforts by the pressing needs of their comrades in the field, the flower of our manhood could not be made into fine armies in the course of two years. On the contrary, the scheme he put forward showed that he felt that young Britons could be made into good soldiers in a much shorter time than the men of other nations. But he did say over and over again that armies cannot be improvised on the spur of the moment.

Behind the sure shield of the Navy, "In the lee of the fore-spent Line," we have been able in an incredibly short time to place in the field forces commensurate with the might, majesty, power and dominion of the British Empire. This astonishing result has been due to the magnetic influence of Lord Kitchener, acting on a race in which Dane, Saxon, Celt and Norman are finely blended. Would this race have risen to this supreme crisis without the great work of Lord Roberts? Who can say? But this at least we do know—that Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of our Armies in the field, has placed on record his opinion that, "in the determined attitude of the people at home towards the war we are reaping the benefits of the labors of the last years of Lord Roberts' life."

" . . . Remember all
He spake among you, and the man
who spoke."

THE DRESSING-GOWN.

For some reason that we could not fathom it was the most popular dressing-gown in the ward. We had others that were outwardly more respectable, and these were worn by Majors and Captains, but the youngest sub. invariably got hold of "shrimp-paste," and stuck to it. We called the dressing-gown "shrimp-paste" because that was its prevailing hue, with collar and cuffs of a pallid yellow that matched the crowning butter of the shrimp-paste pot. If you were poetical (we never were) you could see sunset tints in the varying shades of the dressing-gown; or if you preferred to dream of potted salmon, that also was suggested. The texture of the dressing-gown was bath-towel, and it showed readily the dirt of the big city where it was "doing its bit." Many subs. wore it, lived in it, for they hated to leave it, even for their khaki; but somehow Jimmy was the person who gave it personality, so that one connected it with him and spoke of it later as "Jimmy's dressing-gown." His real name was Jamieson, Second-Lieutenant Jamieson, of a renowned Scottish regiment, but he was Jimmy in the ward. He had had dysentery and enteric in Egypt, and had come in now for the sort of quarantine that was necessary. It was a time of infinite tedium, but Jimmy resigned himself to it with good humor. He clothed himself at once in the shrimp-paste dressing-gown.

"I think," he said modestly, "that it becomes me."

His hair was ginger, so the point was doubtful; but we spared his feelings.

He wore the dressing-gown for a week with undisturbed pleasure; then a train came in, and we had new patients, more recent comers from Egypt.

Jimmy was a little sad the next morning.

"Two of 'em have kimonos that have knocked out poor old 'shrimp-paste' a bit," he explained. "It hurts one's feelings rather, you know, for it's been the dressing-gown up till now. Do you think if I got a purple sash it would cheer her up a bit?"

The kimonos were very gorgeous with cranes and chrysanthemums; they made 'shrimp-paste' look more than ever faded and disreputable, so the Sister of the ward decreed that it must go to the wash the next morning.

"It's a plot," said Jimmy. "You want to get rid of her. I can't have that. I shall stick to 'shrimp-paste' for good."

He wore the dressing-gown faithfully all that morning, and in the afternoon locked it in his suit-case. The contest lasted for several days. Jimmy bribed the orderlies to save his treasure from the washtub. He hid it in baffling places. He wore it inside-out and pronounced it to be "as good as new." He slept, so he declared, with one eye open to guard it. But, in spite of this, we found it one afternoon where he had hidden it behind a dressing-table. It was our turn to hide it now. We chose an empty bed in an empty ward, and concealed it cunningly beneath the mattress. Jimmy caught a cold in his fruitless search that evening, clad, as he was, only in pajamas. He tried wheedling and he tried threats—he would never dance a jig again, he would die of pneumonia, he would stay out late and get drunk, he would report us all to the C.O.

But it was unavailing. "One pink dressing-gown" was sent to the wash the next day. But a certain distraction occurred on this same morning, and Jimmy's feelings should have been

soothed, for he was among those awarded the Military Cross, whose names were in the *Times*. The extreme pain of receiving congratulations mitigated somewhat the pain of having lost "shrimp-paste." He was terribly shy and ashamed of himself about the whole matter. He admitted that he had known something of it, but thought it all rot—somebody had to get these things, because, like Iron Crosses, they'd got a certain number to get rid of, and if you just caught somebody's eye it meant a Military Cross. What had he *really* done? Nothing except get blown up with a trench and crawl out and hold a position. Anyone could have done it, and did, too, every day. He spent a miserable time hiding in the bathroom. But one cannot, so he explained, take more than six baths in a morning, and the orderlies found out his whereabouts and shouted messages to him through the door. Telegrams had come; he was wanted on the telephone; the C.O. was in the ward; the doctor would like to see him; and, final and most tremendous honor and ordeal, Matron herself wished to congratulate him.

In the afternoon Jimmy went out. He threatened gloomily to get drunk, but he returned on steady feet at 6.30 P.M.

"If only I had poor old 'shrimp-paste,'" he said, "it would hearten me up a bit. You do promise, don't you, that she'll be back from the wash tomorrow?"

The next day Captain Horner, Jimmy's friend, conducted him to the Quartermaster or some other notable, who presented him with a small piece of ribbed silk ribbon in white and violet.

He brought it to the Sister of the ward, and asked her very humbly to sew it on to his tunic.

"There's enough for two," she said; "keep the other half for a change."

The Westminster Gazette.

Jimmy found me in the bathroom—our general office—I was counting out the clean linen.

"Play fair!" he exclaimed. "Where's 'shrimp-paste'?"

"It's here," I said.

"I prefer to say *she*," Jimmy answered. "Yes, how beautiful she is, now she's clean. Look here, Nurse, you've got to sew on my Military Cross ribbon—just there over the heart. See?"

I protested, but he had his needle and cotton ready.

"I got a purple cord for her yesterday," he explained; "so I think she'll be *très chic*, what?"

He came into the ward a little later clad in "shrimp-paste," with his ribbon on his breast, a purple cord round his waist, and a sun helmet on his head. Several cameras vied to get the best portrait of him.

The next day Jimmy went home on leave. He begged to buy "shrimp-paste" or to take her as a souvenir, but we pointed out that he was selfish, for "she," as he called her, was always the property of our junior sub.

He sent us a postcard a little later.

"How is old 'shrimp-paste'? Kiss her from me. Has she been to the wash lately?"

We heard no more of Jimmy till the days of the July advance. Then in that terrible roll of officers' names we saw "Jamieson—Lieutenant W. B. Jamieson, of the —." It was certainly Jimmy.

"Shrimp-paste" was hanging in the ward cupboard. Looking at the faded sickly folds of the dressing-gown we saw in memory the figure of Jimmy, tall and boyish. And if we laughed, it was with reverent and tender laughter, which I think he would have rather had than our tears.

We still say "Jimmy's dressing-gown," though another sub. is wearing it.

W. M. Letts.

THE SECRET OF GRAY.*

"Gray's life," writes the Rev. John Mitford, "did not abound with change of incident or variety of situation: it was not blessed with the happiness of domestic endearments, nor spent in the bosom of social intercourse; but it was constantly and contentedly employed in the improvement of the various talents with which he was so highly gifted; in a sedulous cultivation both of the moral and intellectual powers, in the study of wisdom and in the practice of virtue." This grotesque flourish of what may be called sepulchral criticism is an almost perfect instance of the sort of judgment of a great and individual genius which, by being applicable to nobody, is equally applicable to anybody. It is the sort of statement which made R. L. Stevenson as a boy, after a visit to a graveyard with a mournful and pious relative, inquire where all the naughty people were buried. If it were worth analyzing it could be shown, I believe, that not a single sentence in it is true of Gray, or indeed of any mortal man. Gray, however, was fortunate enough to find a biographer in Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose brilliant volume, in the "Men of Letters" series, gives a really vivid, veracious and sympathetic portrait of a man easily misinterpreted. and almost sure to be misunderstood because of his singular combination of qualities—morbid restlessness, settled dissatisfaction, and, in addition, a vein of lambent spectatorial irony, which enabled him, in spite of his melancholy, to survey his own temperament not as a tragical mistake, but as a mildly humorous affair. Indeed, his friend, Horace Walpole, said of Gray, that he "never wrote anything easily but things of humor," and that "humor was his natural and original turn."

In this brief study I would like to emphasize one point in the character of Gray, which I think has been unduly forgotten, mainly, I believe, owing to the brilliant essay by Matthew Arnold, which is an instance of that great critic's failure of vital perception when dealing with the figure of a man whom on the whole he mistrusted, and half suspected of moral weakness. That essay, we shall remember, is an accomplished fantasia on a single phrase, "he never spoke out." What I wish to draw attention to is that not only did Gray speak out, but that he owes much of his appeal to a passionate sort of self-revelation.

Let me first say that the ordinary critic seems to me, in dealing with poetry, to be afraid of confessing that he is dealing with a special and peculiar phenomenon. A poem is praised for being dramatic or sublime or contemplative or realistic—all of which things a poem can be without being poetical—and seldom for the fact that it exhibits a particular fusion of word and thought, which is, in fact, poetry—a distinct and separate essence of human expression. Poetry cannot be made by a recipe; it is not a contrivance, or a thesis successfully maintained; it is a crystallization, of which the law is as definite as the law which produces the ruby or the sapphire. Gray's *Elegy* is an almost perfect example of the fact; he uses the simplest landscape and the commonest thoughts to create the sense of a mood, and to isolate that mood, in a stainless and splendid distinction, from all other moods and fancies.

But what I desire here to point out, is that, though Gray's poems are often

*The bi-centenary of the birth of Thomas Gray occurs on December 26 and will be observed by a special meeting of the Poetry Society, to be addressed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B.]

praised for their stately progress and marvelous width of survey, their real appeal lies in the passionate individuality behind them. It is true that Gray was erudite, inquisitive, accumulative, thorough, massive in his conception of knowledge; but anyone who has penetrated his secret knows that all this was but as the weaving of a great curtain to loop across a window in his house of life, from which he would otherwise have to gaze on things formless, horrible and insupportable. Gray was a man who clung desperately to life, who longed to feel at home there, who desired permanence and stability, and yet lived all his life under the shadow of a fear, the fear of passing out of the familiar into the unknown. He did not find life an easy business, of course, but he knew the worst of it, and one can imagine his sympathizing with Dr. Johnson's vehement dictum that an eternity of torment seemed to him preferable to the thought of annihilation.

In his poems Gray is really forever recurring to himself and his fears: he cries, as the chain plucks him:—

Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly!

In the Eton ode, the personal note rises to a poignancy, a passion almost unequaled:

Ah happy hills! Ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood
stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

I always feel that the phrase "beloved in vain" is perhaps the most exquisite summary of the hopelessness of love to retain its hold on what it loves, ever written in any book.

Then, again, there is the beautiful fragment of the poem addressed to Bentley, his engraver:

Enough for me, if to some feeling heart
My lines a secret sympathy convey.
The Poetry Review.

That is what Gray was forever in search of, a companionship which earth could or would not give him.

But the most striking instance of all is in the original draft for the *Elegy*. It was to have ended, it may be remembered, with the stanza:

No more with reason and thyself at
strife

Give anxious cares and endless wishes
room;

But through the cool sequester'd vale
of life

Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

But Gray could not end in this philosophical and impersonal note. What did he do? He threw the structure aside. He added some of the finest stanzas about the sorrows of death; and then the whole concludes with what is a passionate piece of autobiography—the Epitaph. He cannot stand aside. He tries in vain, by an atmosphere of rustic simplicity, to detach the figure of the village bard from his own traditions; but the inner portrait of himself is there, his sadness, his generosity, his sincerity, his longing for sympathy, and the "trembling hope" with which he faced the silence, the hope, that is, that he might even there find love.

Perhaps he found it! "Mr. Gray," writes his faithful and devoted friend, Dr. Brown, speaking of the last hours, "was sensible almost to the last, aware of his danger, and expressing no visible concern at the thought of his approaching death." Like most men, he found the last few steps easy enough to traverse. Yet he lives for us in his poems, not because of his detachment from mortal things, but because, behind his stateliest cadence and most glowing epithet, lay the breathing thought of one who cared intensely for all that the world could give, and who, as Wordsworth said, was by none enough beloved.

A. C. Benson.

THE DEATH OF THE LADY.

Miss Wilma Meikle, in her clever and provocative book, *Towards a Sane Feminism*, entitles one of her chapters "The Break-Up of the Lady." She does so, not sadly, but gladly. She holds that there will be no room for the lady in a world of intelligent women. She will scarcely allow even that any great woman has ever been a lady. "Cleopatra," she writes, "drilled with the Roman legionaries, romped with Antony in disguise in the slums of her capital, beat the watch, drank as no lady should. Boadicea and Joan of Arc were soldiers whom no historian has accused of the conventionality inseparable from the Lady's disciples, and from Messalina and the Byzantine empresses to the Dowager Empress of China great empress consorts have been frankly adventuresses. . . . Not an inch of our foul-mouthed Queen Elizabeth was a lady, though every inch was a queen." We should despair if the history of great women left us with Cleopatra, Messalina and Elizabeth as examples of the best that female genius could produce in the sphere of morals and manners. These ladies square as little with any definition of respectableness as Moll Cutpurse, the Elizabethan thief, who was described as "a very Tomrig or Rumpscuttle" and "delighted and sported in boys' play and pastime." If we agree with Miss Meikle, however, that one of the chief characteristics of the lady is her "subservience to authority," then we must also admit that it is almost as impossible for a real lady to achieve fame as to achieve notoriety. This is the case, at any rate, in regard to statesmanship and war. One would point neither to Catherine the Great nor to Catherine de Médicis as the model of a lady. They certainly would not pass the test with a twentieth-

century English servant. On the other hand, the woman of genius has often had a great deal of the lady in her. Jane Austen was a lady as surely as if she had never written a line, and Charlotte Brontë came as near being a lady as was possible to a woman of her unruly genius. Then there are numbers of fine ladies in literature and history from Penelope downwards. They are not subservient to the point of nausea. They rule in their own little world. They pay homage, no doubt, in the feudal manner, but they are not content to be mere dolls with a trick of swooning. One never doubts that Cordelia was a lady, but there was nothing about her of the moth-eaten virtue of subservience. It was only in the Athens of Pericles, indeed, that the subservience of the lady was complete. "To a woman," said Pericles, "not to show more weakness than is natural to her is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or evil among men." And the result of this was that there were practically no ladies in Periclean Athens. The lady, though a treasure of subservience in one respect, is subservient on a pedestal. She is not to be hidden away like a prisoner. She is as publicly splendid as a picture hung on the wall or as a ring on the finger. Some people hold that the history of woman's advance towards freedom began on the day on which the subservience of the working woman was turned into the subservience of the idle lady. Hitherto she had been one of the dumb beasts, as little regarded as an ox in the plough. Now she became initiated into the mysteries of leisure, which are also the mysteries of development. She, like her lord, levied toll upon the seven million wonders of the world. She took advantage of his vanity and jealousy to con-

vert her pedes al into a throne. She was a statue that became alive. And ultimately she stepped down from her height into the arena of politics, war and the arts, where she now clamors for a recognition that 's not always given to her.

There used to be people who talked as though the position of women had been in a constant decline ever since the days of matriarchy. They had a vision of woman as having begun upon a throne and ended on a mantelpiece. They looked back to those splendid days as the golden age of women until it was proved that the matriarchy was for the most part a myth. The truth is women have never had half so good a chance of equality with men as they have at the present day. Woman did not fall but rose when she became a parasite. Parasitism brought her to some extent out of the fields where she was a beast of burden, and gave her a new sphere in which she could develop something more than her biceps. It was only a happy few, we adm't, who were ever released from servitude into parasitism, but these few gradually acquired more and more influence and constantly extended the claims of women in the strongholds of men. We are impatient of the age of chivalry in these days because chivalry so far has meant to a great extent worshipful condescension. But it may be that the chivalry of condescension was a necessary step on the way to the finer chivalry of equality. We do not believe the less ardently in equality if we realize that primitive man progressed towards civilization through all manner of supersitions and tyrannies. We have met with enemies of Imperialism who nevertheless regarded the Imperialism of the past as a step forward in the evolution of what some people call the World State. Similarly we may be glad that woman once in a small measure came out of the fields,

even though we hope to see her back in the fields again. She came out in order to be a lady and, having obtained better conditions for herself as a lady, she will now obtain still better conditions for herself as a woman. The lady was only an aspect of her evolution. No woman of spirit could be content permanently with the ambition of being a devoted parasite upon a husband, as the younger Pliny describes his third wife, Calpurnia, in his *Letters*:

Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! When I am pleading, she stations messengers to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she sits close at hand, concealed behind a curtain, and greedily overhears my praises. She sings my verses and sets them to the lyre, with no other master but Love, the best instructor.

Even men must be wearied in the end of so very domestic and impersonal a parasite, and by the time Baldassare Castiglione wrote *The Courtier*, the lady had taken on a far more abundant and independent charm. Here, in Hoby's translation, is a summary of the lady out of that exquisite book:

And to make a breefe rehersall in fewe woordes of that is alreadye saide, I will that this woman have a sight in letters, in musike, in drawinge or peinctinge, and skilfull in daunsinge, and in divising sportes and pastimes, accompaniynge with that discreete sobermode and with the givinge a good opinion of herself, the other principles also that have bine taught the Courtier. And thus in conversation, in laughing, in sporting, in jestinge, finally in every thinge she shall be had in very great

price, and shall entertain accordingly both with jestes and feat conceites meete for her, everie person that cometh in her company. And albeit staidnes, noblenes of courage, temperance, strength of the minde, wisdom and other vertues a man wolde thinke beeloned not to entertain, yet will I have her endowed with them all, not so much to entertain (although nottwithstanding they may serve thereto also) as to be vertuous; and these vertues to make her suche a one, that she may deserve to be esteemed, and al her doinges framed by them.

Here the lady has advanced from being a domestic to being a social figure. And, indeed, her defender in the dialogue does not stop short of admitting that many of her sex will be found as well able to rule armies and cities as men. "But I have not," he explains, "appointed them these offices, because I facion a waiting gentlewoman of the Court, not a queene."

To the romantic it may seem a terrible prospect that this accomplished and entertaining lady of *The Courtier* should disappear into a directress of a store or something equally prosaic. We remember hearing a man objecting to women obtaining the vote with the sentence: "I don't want to make a gas-lamp out of a star." If stars were as costly as ladies, however, we fancy we should try to put them out. "The costliness of the Lady," as Miss Meikle says, "is one of the chief reasons why alert-witted people should rejoice that she is now breaking up." She has preyed upon the world for centuries. She has demanded that she shall be adorned though her less fortunate sisters lack bread. She has distracted the human race from the work of providing itself with a good meal in order that it may provide her with knick-knacks and a wardrobe and the pleasures of idleness. She is the most remorseless of aristocrats, as may be seen in contemporary America,

where the husband is so often a mere hodman staggering under the burden of gold which he is forever carrying to lay at her beautiful feet. "Behind all the dust of the conflict between Labor and Capital," Miss Meikle writes, "looms the Gargantuan appetite of the Lady." It is not, we admit, altogether the Lady's fault. She was in the beginning, no doubt, even more eager to please man than to please herself. She could never have become a personified appetite in silks and jewels if man had not wished her to be so. She was simply the mirror of the male—of his vanity and his boastfulness. And, indeed, in an aristocratic society she justified her existence better perhaps than in the louder age of the shop or factory. She was no mere idler in the mediæval castle any more than the lady perfectly portrayed in the *Proverbs* of Solomon. It was not till the nineteenth century that she took idleness for an ideal. She had once a life of crowded tasks. She baked and sewed and embroidered, and did a hundred things that the lady of a later age left to hired women. She was, indeed, a model of industry to the sort of lady who grew up in the nineteenth century in the homes of rich manufacturers—a lady prouder of doing nothing than Florence Nightingale was of helping to save an Army. The ideal of a lady as a person of the female sex with her nose in the air has spread since that time till it has infected many even of the poorest. There are streets in Tooting in which a lady is known by her offensiveness instead of by her charm. But that, after all, is an irrelevance to the question whether and why the lady must now disappear. For ourselves, we trust she will only perish to rise again. Like Miss Meikle, we recognize the enchantment of the ancient ideal—an ideal in which at its best courtesy and considerateness were infinitely more

conspicuous than greed. After all, the lady taught us manners, and we cannot be too grateful for that. But idleness, we imagine, is no longer required in order that good manners may flourish. The lady will scarcely lose her courtesy in taking upon herself the larger interests of a human being.

The New Statesman.

Indeed, she will be all the more a lady for ceasing to be a lady. We need not be too mournful over her loss, as though the last peacock had disappeared. Sorrowfully we may say, "The Lady is dead." But with equal sincerity we may add, "Long live the Lady!"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There is a piquant challenge in the title of Mr. Carl H. P. Thurston's "The Art of Looking at Pictures" (Dodd, Mead & Company), for the average person who strolls through picture galleries is not aware that there is any such art. He simply hurries along, mildly pleased with one picture, and displeased with another, but not knowing why. Mr. Thurston undertakes to tell him; and points out to him, as a friend might, standing at his side, the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of each of the great artists and the varying ways in which they have worked out their ideals. His book, a convenient volume of about three hundred pages, of a size to be carried in the pocket, is intended, as he explains in his Foreword, not for the connoisseur or the initiated 'but for the neophyte without the gates,' and it tells, not merely what to look for in the work of a painter, but where to look and how. Of each of the one hundred and twenty great artists whose work is treated there is given a compact biographical sketch, and bits of criticism and description by various writers, following Mr. Thurston's own directions as to the best methods of inspection and study. Mr. Thurston's book supplements admirably the various guides and handbooks to particular galleries by its hints and suggestions which are applicable to all galleries. It is the

fruit of travel, close study, and discriminating observation, and it has, moreover, a flavor of its own. There are indexes to painters, schools, places and quotations, and thirty or more full-page illustrations.

The story of "The Last Voyage of the *Karluk*," flagship of Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-16, as related by her master, Robert A. Bartlett, and edited by Ralph T. Hale (Small, Maynard & Company), adds a new and thrilling chapter to the history of Arctic exploration. The *Karluk* and her company became separated from Stefansson and his companions, and passed through a succession of dangerous experiences, which culminated in the sinking of the ship, January 11, 1914, not far from the place where a like fate overtook the *Jeannette* of the De Long expedition, in 1881. Captain Bartlett led his party over the ice to Wrangell Island; and then, taking with him a young Eskimo, and leaving his companions, he walked over the ice two hundred miles to the coast of Siberia, and then five hundred miles eastward to get a ship for Alaska. He succeeded in this quest, and on the revenue cutter *Bear* sailed for Wrangell Island, and on the way met the survivors of the *Karluk* party, who had been taken off the island by the steamer *King and Winge*. Three of the party had died

in the interval. It was not until the 24th of October that the *Bear* reached the navy yard at Esquimault, and the expedition, which had started from there fifteen months before, was over. It is not clear how far Captain Bartlett has been helped in the telling of his story by the literary experience of Mr. Hale, but, wherever the line of collaboration may be drawn, it is certain that the narrative, from the terse sentence, "We did not all come back," with which it opens, to the last page, which finds the rescued party listening to "the unbelievable rumblings" of the great world-war is told with striking directness and simplicity. It is a story of heroism and endurance which will have an enduring place in the literature of polar exploration. There are twenty-seven illustrations from photographs.

"The Winged Victory," by Sarah Grand, is the story of an English girl, the daughter of a farmer, around whose character and life there is a certain mystery from the beginning to the end of the book. This girl, with the prosaic name of Ella Banks, is a lace maker, as were her mother and grandmother before her, but she is something more—she is a thinker. She is filled with the idea of bettering the condition of the lace makers whom she sees worked to death and underpaid. Her heart is bitter against the rich, and it is out of them that she expects to take her vengeance. For this purpose she goes to London and enters upon a most remarkable career wherein the beauties of innocence are outweighed by the tragedies of ignorance. Mrs. Grand uses a great many words to tell her story, but in "The Winged Victory" she has shown herself a sound philosopher and one well acquainted with English society. D. Appleton & Co.

For the hero of "Filling His Own Shoes" Henry C. Rowland has chosen,

after his custom, a very unusual type of character, but unlike his custom, a character without eccentricities. Richard C. Ruggles is an American employed as clerk in the Paris branch of an American shoe company. Through force of circumstances Ruggles leaves Paris and accompanies to Turkey an English surgeon engaged in the Red Cross service. His life for the next few years reads like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, but a certain amount of common sense and balance possessed by Ruggles never deserts him and in the end brings him back to the ordinary walks of life without any apparent disillusionment or loss of interest in practical things. Mr. Rowland has the gift of creating a young man who is handsome and unselfish, clean and wholesome, without the slightest impairment of manliness. "Filling His Own Shoes" is a romance quite out of the ordinary, and produces upon the reader an effect as wholesome and refreshing as is Ruggles himself. Houghton Mifflin Co.

There are fifty-two full-page reproductions of etchings and drawings in Joseph Pennell's "Pictures of the Wonder of Work," and they cover a wide range of subject, from the towering sky-scrapers of New York and Philadelphia, the stock yards and bridges at Chicago, the steel works at Johnstown, Pittsburgh and Bessemer, the power house at Niagara, the ore wharves at Duluth, and the flour mills at Minneapolis, to the Victor Emmanuel monument at Rome, the rebuilt Campanile at Venice, the seats of great industries at Leeds, London, Sheffield, Bradford and the "Five Towns," and centers of industry in Belgium, France, Holland and Germany—these last including the shipyard at Hamburg, Krupp's works at Essen, and the Power House at Berlin. They may almost be said to represent the quest of a lifetime, for Mr.

Pennell has pursued what he describes as the adventure of hunting for the Wonder of Work for the last thirty-five years, and we have here some of the best fruits of it. Fascinating as the pictures are, no one should turn the pages of this beautiful volume without pausing to read the clever and illuminating and often whimsical notes which Mr. Pennell prefixes to them. J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Thomas Hardy" by Harold Child, "Joseph Conrad" by Hugh Walpole, and "Henry James" by Rebecca West are the latest additions to the "Writers of the Day" series, of which Henry Holt & Company are the American publishers. The promise of the earlier volumes in this series—on Anatole France, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells—is well sustained in the later books. They are not biographies, in the ordinary sense, but critical studies and just estimates of the writings of the present-day authors selected for treatment; and they are the work of writers of established position in the literary world, some of whom are likely to be themselves subjects of later volumes in the series. Nowhere else can the reader who wishes to know more about contemporary writers than a casual reading of their books discloses secure what he desires at so slight an expenditure of time and money, for the books are of pocket size—but a little more than one hundred pages—and they cost but fifty cents each.

Of the four latest additions to "The Wayfarer's Library" (E. P. Dutton & Company) one only, George Gissing's clever story of "Will Warburton," is in the department of fiction. Isabella F. Bird's delightful record of wanderings along "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," with its forty illustrations, is a pleasing addition to the department of travel, and in the department of re-

ligious thought and discussion we have Bishop Gore's many times reprinted exposition of "The Sermon on the Mount," and a collection of "Thoughts on Life and Religion," gleaned from the published and unpublished writings of Professor Max Muller, and put together after his death by the loving hand of his wife. It is a book which will surprise readers who, thinking of Muller chiefly as a philosopher, are not aware how strong was his hold upon the essentials of the Christian faith.

Students and amateurs, and others who are in quest of expert counsel regarding the two occupations indicated will find it in the volumes on "Training for the Newspaper Trade" and "Training for the Stage," which the J. B. Lippincott Company adds to its "Training Series." It is a happy thought that prompts this series—that of giving practical suggestions as to the shortest road to success in various callings, based on the experience of those who have succeeded. Don C. Seitz of the New York World is the author of the book on newspaper work, and he explains and describes all phases of it, from work on a country newspaper to that on the great city journals. He writes clearly and compactly, and aspirants to a newspaper career may save themselves many discouragements and much blundering by mastering his directions. The book on training for the stage is written by Arthur Hornblow, editor of "The Theatre Magazine," and is the fruit of a quarter of a century of intimate acquaintance with the drama and with actors. The book is pungently written and conveys a great deal of sage advice in little space. David Belasco, the well-known theatrical manager, contributes an illuminating Foreword. Both volumes are illustrated.